

The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1389. Established 1869.

17 December, 1898.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

The Literary Week.

WHO shall say that poetry is on the decrease when our Prize Competition this week has been attempted by no fewer than 103 of our readers, some of whom have sent two, three, four, and even five couplets, and one or two, complete poems? As an instance of the widespread interest which is taken in the ACADEMY, we may mention that among the replies sent in were letters from all parts of England—from Newcastle to Budleigh Salterton, Cardiff to Ramsgate—and from Scotland and Ireland. Contributors to the "ACADEMY Bureau" are even more distant, for some weeks ago we received a package of MSS. from Toronto, and this week comes a novel from Winnipeg.

THE New York Outlook has been drawing from its readers their opinions as to the ten best books published in the year closing with September, 1898; that is to say, the books which, "all things considered, are the most important." This is the result in the order of popularity: 1. *The Life and Letters of Tennyson*; 2. *Helbeck of Bannisdale*; 3. *The Story of Gladstone's Life*, by Justin McCarthy; 4. *Caleb West*, by F. Hopkinson Smith; 5. *The Workers*, by W. A. Wyckoff; 6. *Bismarck*, by Dr. Moritz Busch; 7. *Penelope's Progress*, by Kate D. Wiggin; 8. *The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*; 9. *Rupert of Hentzau*; 10. *Old Virginia and Her Neighbours*, by John Fiske. "Most important" some of the selections may be, but not by any means best.

THE sonneteers are still busy with Mr. Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* and theory of "W. H." Here is another contribution:

TO MR. S. L. ON MR. W. H.

Sidney, thy book that they publish lately
Lifts the veil on a pitiful pother
William Hathaway, Anne's big brother,
Rais'd when her William would wed Anne Whateley:
Track'd him to Worcester and taught him straitly
On with one love wasn't off with t'other,
Said sister Anne might be soon a mother—
Married the pair by a certain date, Lee.
Now for the theory I've been brewing:
Surely it plain as a nose on face is
He who meddled with Shakespeare's wooing
Drove him to Court and pernicious places,
Th' only begetter of those ensuing
Sonnets, the real Mr. W. H. is.

Q. E. D.

In the *Life of Lewis Carroll*, by the way, there is a mock Shakespearian sonnet by Calverley, the initial letters of each line of which form the words "William Herbert."

THE play which Mr. Bernard Shaw has been writing for Mr. Forbes Robertson is now complete, save for the final revision, on which the author is at present engaged. The subject is an *affaire* between Julius Caesar and Cleopatra, the medium is prose, and the first act is pure comedy. Mr. Shaw has not permitted his illness to stop his intellectual activity. We are glad to know that he progresses steadily.

THE pocket edition of Dickens which Mr. Dent has projected begins this week with *Pickwick*, in three volumes. The form is somewhat similar to the same publisher's "Temple Classics" and Scott's novels, but the addition of a coloured frontispiece to each volume is a distinction. The artist is Mr. F. C. Tilney, and if he errs, it is on the side of prettiness. *Pickwick* and prettiness are not quite compatible. Mr. Walter Jerrold prefixes a bibliographical note.

IN Mr. Kenneth Grahame's new book, *Dream Days*, which wears the familiar yellow cover that is associated with *The Golden Age*, we meet again with Harold and Edward, with Selina and the first-person singular of that engaging family. "Dies Irae," "The Magic Ring," "A Departure," "The Reluctant Dragon"—these are some of the titles. The book contains eight stories in all.

MR. LECKY has consented to act as one of the Vice-Presidents of the London Library.

MRS. MEYNELL's third volume of essays is issued this week by Mr. Lane, under the title *The Spirit of Place*, which is the title of the first essay, but is not otherwise descriptive of the volume. We note essays upon "July," "Wells," "Rain," and "The Horizon." These recall some of the delightful comments on Nature's moods in *The Rhythm of Life* and its companion volume. Other essays are literary. Such are "Mrs. Dingley," "The Lady of the Lyrics," and "A Derivation." We regret that the volume does not contain an excellent paper on Mrs. Samuel Johnson which Mrs. Meynell wrote, we think, early in this year.

THE *Edinburgh Stevenson* is one of those treasures which someone is always anxious to buy, someone is always glad to sell. But it is rarely "traded" so rapidly as it was in a London bookseller's shop last week. At ten o'clock in the morning the original owner drew up in a cab and, depositing the twenty-seven volumes, took from the bookseller a cheque for the same. Before eleven o'clock a buyer arrived at the bookseller's, and complacently drew a cheque for £28, at which price the books became his

property. As the original price of the volumes was 12s. 6d. each, it will be seen, on calculation, that the new owner paid a greatly enhanced price.

THE literary temperament is a delicate affair, and to the editor of a literary paper can fall more than his due share of life's little difficulties. For example, not so long ago a poet whom it was our ill-fortune to review replied on a postcard with a directness and force in which his published work was entirely lacking:

You are a beast! But I will be even with you yet.

Fortunately, however, this is not the only kind of missive that the reviewed indulge in. We have just received, in connexion with a recent article, a letter, from which this is an extract:

It is extremely gratifying to have one's work so warmly appreciated, and if the writer of the review could but know how much his words cheered the poor author in an hour of peculiarly disheartening pain, he would, I'm sure, be pleased. Critics have a lot of mud thrown at them by authors; but there is one poor scribe, at least, who would honestly try to write a good book, if only to please the reviewers and not a copy were to be printed for sale.

The two communications that we have quoted illustrate the extremes between which our critics rove, and will, perhaps, make it clear why it is that the ACADEMY never frets.

LAST week, in reviewing Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's *Adventures of Captain Kettle*, we implied that the story of "The Raiding of Donna Clotilde" was an improbable one. Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne writes to say that if the reviewer will consult the files of the daily papers for the years 1891-2-3 he will see that the story is copied almost directly from happenings in real life. Our reviewer positively refuses to read through three years' back numbers of the world's press, and takes Mr. Hyne's word. But facts, he contends, are often very improbable indeed; it is the business of the story-teller to make them seem probable. Now Mr. Hyne tells us that nearly everybody complains that this story is incredible, which seems to prove that in this one instance, at least, the author has missed his mark.

POETS who may be proposing to call a volume *Love Triumphant* are warned that they are too late. Two books

of verse bearing that title reached us last week: *Love Triumphant: a Song of Hope*, by William Bedford; and *Love Triumphant, and Other New Poems*, by Annie Matheson.

It is now known beyond contradiction that "C. E. Raimond," the author of *The Open Question*, *George Mandeville's Husband*, and other works of brilliant fiction, and Miss Elizabeth Robins, the actress whose impersonation of rôles in Ibsen's plays was so remarkable, are one and the same. Miss Robins, whose portrait we give, has not thrown herself into the interpretation of the Scandinavian dramatist and remained uninfluenced. There is



THE AUTHOR OF "THE OPEN QUESTION,"
MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS ("C. E. RAIMOND").

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

much "Ibsenism" at the back of *The Open Question*, but—and this fact cannot be too greatly insisted upon—much humour too, such as is prominent in life, but such as one may search for in vain in the Master's writings upon life.

Thirst clinging to life such a darling passion that it has been elevated into a Xian virtue by the followers of him who regarded his life not at all. He laughed bitterly. Now look here wherever we are going to discuss this again but once for all it is an absolutely open question whether life is a blessing or a curse. We have been in a conspiracy to make the fact & perade the fiction of the value of existence. We have all been in the secret & yet no secret before has ever been so faithfully kept since the world began. against the gigantic heavy lie & with his last breath says they

To those critics who objected to Mr. Rider Haggard's use, in *Dr. Thorne*, of the novel as a polemic on vaccination—ourselves among the number—that novelist has replied in a letter to the *Spectator*. He writes: "The Legislature has passed an Act affecting tens of thousands of children in this land. A person who chances to have the welfare of childhood much at heart, and who is convinced that this Act extends the power of parents and guardians to a dangerous extent, enabling them at their mere will to expose those in their charge to great calamities, desires to call attention to this aspect of the case. . . . Naturally he seeks to reach as many minds as possible, and in casting about to see how this can best be done decides to make use of the vehicle of fiction, which gives him an opportunity of dealing with the law at work and of depicting disasters that may result in the future, as he sees those unborn events in the light of his own mind."

MR. HAGGARD has, we think, made out an excellent case for the patriotic, good-citizen part of him. But the artist remains unacquitted. The novel is one thing and the tract another. *Dr. Thorne* is a tract, just as *Buy your own Cherries* is a tract, and if Mr. Haggard is really intent upon proselytising he will direct that it be issued in tract form at a popular price as well as in its present three-and-sixpenny form. The "conscientious objectors" who now come before the magistrates day after day and waste the time of the Court are not to be reached by three-and-sixpenny pamphlets, but—if at all—by penny ones.

FROM the week's dedications. Mr. J. F. Runciman's *Old Scores and New Readings*, reprinted chiefly from the *Saturday Review*, and dedicated, in a long prefatory letter, to Mr. Frank Harris:

The book once decided on, I went to work in my usual fashion—emending, re-writing, and again emending and re-writing, until it seemed unlikely that anything of the originals would be left. In the middle of this labour we went off together for that amazing bicycle expedition through the pleasant country of France in the spring of the year. At Bordeaux, at St. Jean de Luz, at Biarritz and Peyrorrhade and Pau—names full to you, and to me also, of beautiful associations—I continued the labour at odd hours of the early morning and late night, until you, catching me red-handed, expostulated vehemently against my making my work worse than it was to begin with, or, as you gently put it, "spoiling" my work. You declared that the chances were many thousands to one that I should take out whatever good qualities the essays might possess, that I should rob them of their force, speed, and patent sincerity of emotion, while putting in nothing to compensate for the loss of these things. In the end you prevailed: the much-elaborated copies were ignominiously consigned to the flames—the wood-fires of Southern France—and the articles were sent to the urgent publisher with as few alterations as possible.

Mr. Runciman has occupied on the *Saturday* the dual position of critic of music and literary editor. We shall return to his volume in another issue.

MR. FRANK T. BULLEN, First Mate, is among the fortunate authors of the year. He sends the proof-sheets of

his first book to Mr. Kipling, and Mr. Kipling writes the following letter, which is printed in the volume:

It is immense—there is no other word. I've never read anything that equals it in its deep-sea wonder and mystery; nor do I think that any book before has so completely covered the whole business of whale-fishing, and at the same time given such real and new sea-pictures. You have thrown away material enough to make five books, and I congratulate you most heartily. It's a new world that you've opened the door to.

Mr. Bullen's book is called *The Cruise of the "Cachalot,"* and is the narrative of a three years' voyage after sperm whales. We shall review the volume next week. It is a book for men and boys—artless, direct—by one who has studied good models, and who possesses powers of sober description in a remarkable degree.

MR. BULLEN, we might remark, retired from the sea a few years ago, and is now engaged in the Meteorological Office. He writes assiduously upon his own subjects for magazines and newspapers, and has lately contributed some very excellent maritime articles to the *Spectator*. To Mr. Strachey, the editor of the *Spectator*, belongs, we believe, the honour of discovering Mr. Bullen's literary gift. That was in connexion with the *Cornhill*. In addition to his writing, Mr. Bullen also lectures on whaling.



AN AMERICAN BOOK-COVER.

as it has not been given by the publishers we cannot pass it on.

APROPPOS of Mrs. Atherton, we regret that no mention was made last week that the portrait of that lady which we gave was from a pastel by Miss Henriette Corkran.

A QUIANT circular informs us that *The Page*, hitherto published as a monthly magazine, will henceforward appear as a quarterly. It is the first intimation that we have received of the existence of this periodical in any form, nor do we know whether by its name is meant the page of a book or the page of a lady. In its quarterly issue *The Page* will be limited to four hundred copies, and it will contain reproductions of drawings by Mr. Rothenstein, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. Gordon Craig, Mr. James Pryde, and other draughtsmen,

MR. SIDNEY LEE's is not the only mind that has recently been bent upon the life of Shakespeare. Miss Jane Oakley has sent to the advertisement pages of the *Times* another of her poems, and on this occasion "The Poet of all Time" is the subject. Here is a passage from the new rhyming biography:

And then in seventeen years, his manhood,
With his divine, colossal gifts, were ripe;
So his thoughts, then turned on marriage,
And all romantic love of ardent type.
When at eight, the "Curfew" bell tolled forth
The parting day, then o'er the fields he sped,
With haste, to seek his love, "Ann Hathaway";
In sweet converse, the gliding hours soon fled,
Within her lowly home, at "Shottery."
But now, his parents, would not give consent,
That his sweet love, and he, should e'er be wed.
So from the window, of her cottage home,
Then straight, into his faithful arms, she fled.
'Twas like "Juliet," to her "Romeo,"
In that sleepy old "Verona's" golden days.
Thus, his own dramatic act, inspired
One, of the very finest, of his plays.

THE American publishers of Mr. Ollivant's story *Owd Bob*, which across the Atlantic is called *Bob, Son of Battle*, are making most determined efforts to win popularity for the book. A column advertisement in the literary papers ends thus: "Of course the book hasn't circulated very widely yet. That was to be expected. We have such entire confidence in it, however, that we should like to send you a copy, postpaid, for examination. If you want to keep it then, send us a dollar and a quarter; if not, return the book." The method is yet another cut at the retail trade.

To the comely edition of Joubert which Messrs. Duckworth have just issued Mrs. Humphry Ward has prefixed an Essay. One passage may be quoted here:

This short sketch will not attempt any fresh estimate of Joubert as a man of letters. In this respect the judgment which, for English readers, holds the field is the judgment of Matthew Arnold. The well-known study in the *Essays in Criticism* made Joubert's place in English literary thought, and keeps him there. The impression which it left remains; and from one especially who not only derived from Matthew Arnold a literary impulse and joy never to be forgotten, but stood to him besides in the close and tender relations of kinship, a few supplemental and biographical pages, based here and there on recent books, are all that a reader will look for.

Greatly as we desire to see Joubert better known, we doubt whether the prior claim of Mr. Atwell's excellent translation can be contested successfully.

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that we were in error in attributing the preface of the translation of Mrs. Roy Devereux's *Ascent of Woman* also to the translator. He writes: "I don't think the introduction to *L'Emancipée* is written by Max Lyon. It must be by Mrs. Devereux herself. In one place she says there are times when she feels she would rather be an odalisque in a harem than a writer.

Max Lyon could not have said this." Subsequently we received a letter from Mrs. Devereux claiming the authorship of the preface.

THE *Dublin Daily Express*, which has been greatly improved of late, every Saturday devotes a page to literary, artistic, and musical matters. "A. E.," the mystic, has contributed some very interesting articles to this page, and his latest, on "Nationality and Cosmopolitanism in Literature," is a very wise and beautiful piece of writing. Dealing with the nationality of Irish writers he says:

The faculty of abstracting from the land their eyes beheld another Ireland through which they wandered in dream, has always been a characteristic of the Celtic poets. This inner Ireland which the visionary eye saw was the Tir-nan-oge, the country of immortal youth, for they peopled it only with the young and beautiful. It was the Land of the Living Heart, a tender name which showed that it had become dearer than the heart of woman, and overtopped all other hopes as the last dream of the spirit, the bosom where it would rest after it had passed from the fading shelter of the world. And such a strange and beautiful land this Ireland is, with a mystic beauty which closes the eyes of the body as in sleep, and opens the eyes of the spirit as in dreams; and never a poet has lain on our hillsides but gentle, stately figures, with hearts shining like the sun, move through his dreams, over radiant grasses, in an enchanted world of their own; and it has become alive through every haunted rath and wood and mountain and lake, so that we can hardly think of it otherwise than as the shadow of the thought of God. The last Celtic poet who has appeared shows the spiritual qualities of the first, when he writes of the grey rivers in their "enraptured" wanderings, and when he sees in the jewelled bow which arches the heavens

"The Lord's seven spirits that shine through the rain."

THE Town Council of Perth has at present under consideration a proposal to purchase the building in the North Port known as "The Fair Maid's House." The proprietor has offered to sell it to the city at the price it cost him (£853), his object being to secure "the permanence of the premises." The Lord Provost favours the purchase of the building, as he thinks that, "whether it was the house occupied by the Fair Maid or not, it should be made public property." It is very questionable, however, if the citizens of Perth—who, of course, will have to foot the bill—will be prepared to assent to this view. As a matter of fact, it is very doubtful indeed whether this is the house in "Couvrefew, or Curfew, Street" which was occupied by old Simon Glover and his fair daughter. And what, after all, does it matter? As a relic of old Perth the building may be of interest to the antiquary or the archaeologist; but the mere fact that tradition has associated it with the damsel who gives the title to Sir Walter Scott's novel, *The Fair Maid of Perth*, can hardly add to its interest, except in the eyes of the most confirmed Scott worshipper. And then there is always the difficulty as to whether the Fair Maid did really live here.

THE Bishop of London, in a speech a few evenings ago, mentioned that a friend of his had a practical test as to the

value of newspapers. It was whether they would wrap up a pair of shooting boots. From this point of view he found the *Times* the best. Judged by such a standard, the ACADEMY, we feel, must strike one as inadequate indeed.

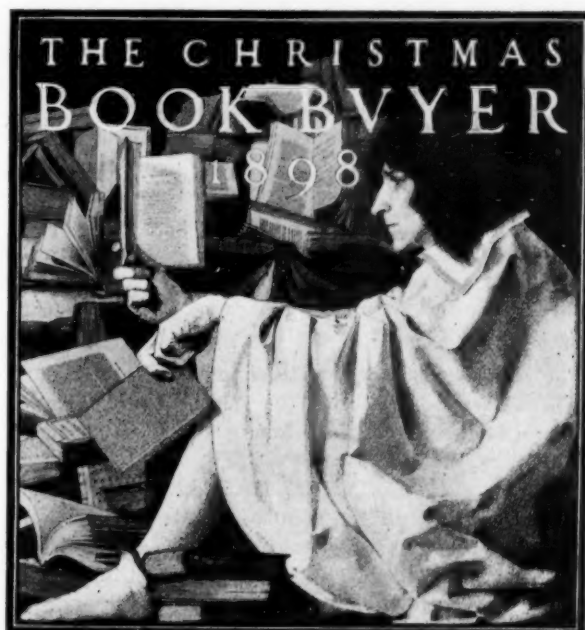
We quote from the *Nation* the following interesting letter:

SIR,—Will the year 1900 be written in Roman numerals, only MCM? In more modern times, at least, all analogies point that way; as may be seen in IV, IX, XI, and XC. To those who have toiled with chisel or graver at dates like MDCCCLXXXVIII a contrast so rarely brief would be indeed a boon; while even for MCM, MCMV, or MCMX they could still give thanks.

Will not some correspondent who is well up in his epitaphs and inscriptions of the tenth century, or even of the fifteenth, kindly throw light for others besides? Q.

There is a year in which to settle the question.

In its Christmas Number the *Book Buyer* omits for the time being its running commentary on the literary world, and resolves itself into a collection of reviews. We reproduce its very striking cover.



DECORATIVE COVER FOR THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE "BOOK BUYER" (NEW YORK).

It is an odd circumstance that we often owe reprints of comparatively esoteric works to the very publishers who cater most frankly for the novelty-loving "masses." Thus, Sir George Newnes has reprinted *Evelina*; and we observe that he has just put forth a penny edition of Monk Lewis's story, *The Anaconda*.

PROSPECTUSES of sumptuous illustrated books are often only less covetable than the books themselves. Those of the Kelmscott Press, for example, frequently placed the inquirer in possession of a specimen of Mr. Morris's border designs. Among recent prospectuses we notice one in which the front page bears a beautiful impression of a

drawing, by Mr. Hyde, of trees in Kensington Gardens, seen at dusk—a fine picture for the asking.

LIVERPOOL has produced some clever writers within recent years, but literature does not seem a great power in the great seaport. An attempt was recently made to arrange a memorial to Mrs. Hemans, whose connexion with the place is well known. The handsome sum of £135 was all that could be accumulated.

THE most remarkable, if not the best, poem of the year lies before us as we write. It is entitled *May*, is the work of I. D. Burton, and is published at Stockport by W. J. Tyne. The work consists of 1,933 lines chosen by the author, or artificer, from poems by 1,917 writers, and welded in the deftest mosaic to play their part in unfolding a new and definite argument. We do not esteem the result very highly, but it is impossible to withhold admiration from Mr. Burton's astounding if misapplied ingenuity. Here is a passage bearing upon Mrs. Browning:

Strong-hearted lover of the sore-oppressed!
Francis, Earl of Rosslyn. Mrs. E. Barrett-Browning.
Who many a noble gift from Heaven possessed,
Wm. Cowper. Epitaph on Dr. Johnson.
Barrett! our pure, grand Singer, on whom Fame
I. D. Burton. Sonnet to Elizabeth Barrett.
Bestowed, in Freedom's cause, a deathless name!
H. M. Ludwig I. of Bavaria. Burt. John of Prosida.
Now Freedom loves upon thy form to dwell,—
Gaetana Passerini. Glassford. Genova Mia.
I love to feel, but cannot hope to tell
E. H. Guillaume. Freethought.
The lofty worth and lovely excellence,
M. Di Ricci. Rossetti. The lovely worth and.
Cloth'd in the newest garb of eloquence,
Alex. Brome. On Beaumont's Plays.
With charity's diffusive spirit fraught,—
Wm. Hayley. Tribute to a Mother.
And like a star, shines in our shade, thy thought.
Duchosal. Le Chevalier du Passé. Le Rameau D'Or.

Mr. Burton informs us that not a word has been altered in any line, and translations have been employed from twenty-one languages.

THE writer of the New York Letter in the *Boston Literary World* is immensely taken with Mr. Zangwill. Speaking of his lectures, he calls them models in their way, although too long. Mr. Zangwill, he explains, has so much to say that he is greatly cramped by the limitations of platform-speaking. He continues: "After his lecture on the Ghetto he recited a poem of his own on the home-life of the Jews, modelled on 'The Cotter's Saturday Night'—a capital piece of writing which prophesies a new reputation for its author." Mr. Zangwill, the critic concludes, is unquestionably the most brilliant man the Jews have produced since Disraeli.

FROM the same Letter we quote this passage concerning Mr. Hall Caine, who also has been visiting New York: "A lady told me recently that Mr. Caine had explained to her that the lower part of his face was like Shakespeare's and the upper part like pictures of Christ."

THE *Newsagents and Booksellers' Review* have issued a catalogue of most of the Christmas publications now being

offered by the booksellers. The catalogue is in quarto size, and the pictorial cover and numerous illustrations taken from books make it a most attractive guide.

THE first number of a new sixpenny monthly magazine, to be called *The School World*, is to be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., on January 16, 1899. The purpose of the new periodical is to be useful to masters and mistresses in secondary schools.

Bibliographical.

I HEAR that one of the books which may be looked for early in the new year is an authoritative memoir of Horace and James Smith, written by a lineal descendant, and based upon hitherto unpublished material in the possession of the family. Nearly sixty years ago Horace Smith published the *Memoirs, Letters, and Comic Miscellanies* of his brother James; but the biographical part of the work was meagre, while of Horace himself no account whatever has as yet appeared, although his contributions to literature were considerably more numerous than were those by his brother. The two men are best known, of course, by the *Rejected Addresses*; but they also produced in collaboration those clever adaptations in verse called *Horace in London*, while of Horace's voluminous work *Brambletye House* and *The Tin Trumpet* are still remembered. The latter, indeed, was reprinted so recently as 1890. The two Smiths were lucky in a father—Robert Smith—of unusual mental capacity; and upon Robert Smith's journal, I understand, the biographer of James and Horace has drawn with interesting results.

Scarcely had I penned my remarks last week on the literary activity of our male and female histrions, especially of the younger generation, than a fresh proof of that activity appeared on my table in the shape of a one-volume story called *The Lady of Griswold*. This is from the pen of Mr. Leonard Outram, a young man of more brain capacity than most actors of his age and standing. Almost simultaneously I received from Chicago a catalogue, from which I gather that Miss Elizabeth Robins, the erewhile "C. E. Raimond," is the author of a book of short tales which is being published over the water by Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co. under the title of *The Fatal Gift of Beauty, and Other Stories*—stories, it appears, "chiefly about servant-girls and lodging-house keepers," and including "The Confessions of a Cruel Mistress."

Sir H. G. Reid is to contribute to the "Famous Scots" series a sketch of the life of Lord Jeffrey, with some details about the "Edinburgh Reviewers." It is curious how completely Jeffrey dropped out not only of the public but of the literary mind, in spite of the fact that he is safely embalmed in literary history. A sympathetic American made, three or four years ago, a selection from the once-famous *Essays*; but no Englishman, I fancy, would ever have dreamt of doing so. Jeffrey had a sort of resuscitation in the memoirs of Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle; but that, though it rather improved his position as a man, made no difference to his status as a writer. The world will not readily, if ever, forget the famous

"This will never do," with which the then all-powerful Reviewer began his monumental appreciation of Wordsworth. Presumably Sir H. G. Reid will found his monograph, as regards the main facts, on the Life by Lord Cockburn, now some forty-six years old.

The *Asiatic Studies* by Sir Alfred Lyall which are to be issued early next year in a new edition are, presumably, those which were published originally in 1882 and reprinted in 1884. It is worth noticing that Sir Alfred's *Rise and Expansion of the British Dominion in India* is one of those works which have been brought out first at a comparatively small price and afterwards at a larger one, the first price being four-and-sixpence, the next (for an enlarged Library Edition) twelve shillings. Sir Alfred's *Verses Written in India*, first given to the English reading world in 1889, went into a fourth edition two years ago.

We shall be glad to have those hitherto unpublished letters by Swift which Dr. Birkbeck Hill is going to edit for us. But why does not Dr. Hill, instead of merely editing the letters, oblige us with a continuation of Forster's biography of Swift from the point at which Forster unhappily left off? We have, of course, the Life by Mr. Henry Craik. The Life by Forster might, however, very well be completed on the scale projected, in the light of the information which we now possess.

These biographical addenda are the despair of the bookman. Nowadays the book-buyer has no feeling of finality. He is the possessor, say, of Forster's elaborate *Life of Landor*, and then, after many days, out comes Mr. Stephen Wheeler with his *Letters and Other Unpublished Writings* of the boisterous sage. That was only last year, and now Mr. Wheeler promises yet more Landor letters. They will be welcome; but, oh, this publication by instalments, what a bore it is!

The announcement of a forthcoming Life of Danton by M. Belloc reminds one that the famous Frenchman was lately made by Miss Betham-Edwards the central figure of her story, called *A Storm-Rent Sky: Scenes of Love and Revolution*; also, that Mr. A. H. Beesly chose him for special celebration in the volume of verse put forth by him two years ago. It is a little singular that there should be no English Life of Danton in print at this moment; but such is the fact.

A literary interest attaches to the announcement that Mr. E. S. Willard, the actor, has commissioned Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker to write for him a play with Sir Roger de Coverley as the central figure. So far as I know, Sir Roger has never appeared upon the English boards. A certain Mr. Dorman wrote "a dramatic entertainment," entitled "Sir Roger de Coverley; or, The Merry Christmas," which was published in 1740; but the work was never acted. A play on the same subject was written for the famous Mrs. Oldfield, who, however, did not live long enough to be seen in it; and the notorious Dr. Dodd is also said to have taken Sir Roger as the hero of a comedy which he completed in Newgate. If there had been any dramatic capabilities in Sir Roger, would not Steele or Addison have detected them and utilised them to their own advantage?

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Mr. Robert Bridges.

Poetical Works of Robert Bridges. Vol. I. (Smith, Elder & Co. 5s.)

WITH this edition of his complete works Mr. Robert Bridges commences to emerge into publicity, for it means more than other "complete poems." Some of the poems included, or to be included, in this edition have never been publicly issued before, such as "The Growth of Love," given in the present volume; others, perhaps the majority, have received such little attention that they are, for the



MR. ROBERT BRIDGES.

From the Drawing by W. Rothenstein.

general reader, new and virtually unknown. It is a curious anomaly. In this edition Mr. Bridges at once makes his bow to the general public, and, at the same time, assumes the honours of an established and recognised poet. The reason lies, of course, in the fact that his work lay all behind him when Mr. Andrew Lang first made him known to outsiders. The poet of a few, addicted to private publication, regarded by the initiate with the peculiar

delight of a hidden treasure, it will be interesting to see how he fares now that he pours

His treasure on the barn's full floor.

Probably enough he does not care, and if so he is right. No complete poetical works can make Mr. Bridges a popular poet, for he has deliberately elected the unpopular path. He has certain qualities—directness, sparseness of imagery—which in themselves are popular; but they are coupled with a thoughtfulness and gravity, a literary choiceness and dignity of style, which at all times appeal only to the few.

Mr. Bridges's chief influences—though he follows many influences—are Spenser and Milton: both are represented in this volume. Milton, together with the Greek tragedians, presides over the opening poem, "Prometheus the Fire-Giver." The blank verse shows the study of *Comus*, and is a welcome change from the all-dominant Tennysonian model, so languidly fatiguing in the hands of imitators. Yet it is no mere imitation of *Comus*. From *Paradise Lost* he has borrowed a learned and felicitous use of elision (in its true sense) and the redundant syllable. In fact, Mr. Bridges is erudite in metre, and has learned from our older poets its true principles. He has a vocabulary at once pictorial and refined, an eminent sense of what is distinguished in style, which make the blank verse of this drama attractive to all cultivated readers. Listen to these *Comus*-like opening lines:

From high Olympus and the ætherial courts,
Where mighty Zeus our angry king confirms,
The Fates' decrees and bends the wills of the gods,
I come, and on the earth step with glad foot.
This variegated ocean-floor of the air,
The changeful circle of fair land, that lies
Heaven's dial, sisterly mirror of night and day;
The wide o'erwandered plain, this nether world
My truant haunt is, when from jealous eyes
I steal, for hither 'tis I steal, and here
Unseen repair my joy.

This is Mr. Bridges at his best—a fine and elevated artist to the finger-tips. In the "Eros and Psyche" he follows Spenser and the Elizabethans. The tale is told with great narrative skill, with a clear grace, a sweetness, a happy touch of archaism, which might make it worthy of Lodge, if not of Spenser.

But in the ardent lyrical vein, such as is demanded by the choruses of the "Prometheus," Mr. Bridges is less successful. We say it with regret, remembering choruses of fine workmanship, and one which recalls passages from "Samson Agonistes," and is undoubtedly fine; but Mr. Bridges's gift is not ardent; it is tranquil, capable of dignity, grace, or sweetness, not of daring. What he can do in quieter modes of lyric we know, for example, by such a thing as the exquisite Spenserian "Elegy on a Lady"; but that, with many other pleasures, is reserved for volumes to come. Mr. Bridges's is a self-respecting and unstooping art, which we can only hope will enter on a new and wider circle of influence with the commencement of this edition. There is a small but treasurable public, composed of the minority in all towns, cities, and societies, the applause of which is worth much roaring of the multitude, for it carries with it the future. This should be Mr. Bridges's audience.

The Conquest on a Sampler.

The Bayeux Tapestry. By Frank Rede Fowke. (Bell, "Ex Libris" Series. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE Bayeux Tapestry was photographed in 1872, and two sets of plates, one the full size, the other half the size of the original, were published by the Arundel Society. If the authorities have not lost it, you may find at South Kensington a copy carefully coloured after the tapestry itself. With the exception of these elaborate and expensive works, a complete reproduction of this remarkable historical and artistic monument has been hitherto unattainable, although many individual figures and groups of figures have found their way as illustrations into the history-books. Mr Fowke's learned and interesting notes on the tapestry were originally issued with the Arundel Society's publication, and have now been to some extent

plicity and the fertility of resource of the anonymous draughtsman, in the spirit of his movement and his battles, in the ready humour with which he lightens his pictured narrative. Of course, the so-called tapestry is not tapestry at all. It is embroidery, done on coarse linen with a needle and coloured threads, after the fashion of those samplers which wearied the young fingers of our great-grandmothers, and which the artistic fashion of the day urges us to collect. The colours used are only eight: dark and light blue, red, yellow, dark and light green, black, and dove colour; and they are not used so much for the representation of objects in their natural hues as for the production of a pleasing variety and the suggestion of perspective. Thus, if the main colour of a horse is green, the two legs furthest away from the spectator may perhaps be red, and so forth. The historical portion of the tapestry covers a central band of something over a foot in width. It is divided into scenes, which are roughly separated from each other by trees—very conven-



TIDINGS OF HAROLD BROUGHT TO WILLIAM.

recast for the present book. The plates here given are also taken from the photographs of 1872, and are reproduced by a new photographic process, for which it is claimed that, by avoiding the use of a "mesh," it escapes the chequered appearance so familiar and so distressing in process blocks. The result is very satisfactory, although it cannot be denied that the designs, with their infinity of detail, lose greatly both by the absence of their characteristic colouring and by the reduction in size. Even so they are a joy for ever. Not merely to the antiquary, who may glean from them the rarest lore as to the dress, manners, and customs of the eleventh century; not only to the historian, who may trace in them the whole progress of the last conquest of England, from the oath of Harold to the fight of Hastings, and may draw his inferences to correct and confound the chroniclers; but also to the lover of art, who may take an inexhaustible delight in the sim-

tional trees—and buildings. If a building has a cross upon it, you know it is a church; if it has a stag's head, it may be put down for a dwelling. The designer is careful to preserve national characteristics: the Normans are smoothly shaven; Harold and his men wear the Saxon moustache. But when Harold is in Normandy he adopts the local custom, and you may trace the growth of his moustache on his return. Above and below the historical band are delightful borders, with representations of animals and birds, hunting and agricultural scenes, and the fables of Æsop. Often these are in tragic or witty allusion to the main subject depicted. Thus, when Harold ventures on his rash journey to France, the margin shows you the fables of the wolf and the lamb, and the fox and the crow. When William sets out to claim his crown, the margin is black with ravens that come with him to glut upon the corpses.

The Bayeux Tapestry is first mentioned in a cathedral inventory of 1476, and of its origin there is no authentic record. Tradition, about 1729, ascribed it to Matilda, the wife of King William. But then tradition in Bayeux ascribed everything to these two glorious potentates. Mr. Fowke is probably right in suggesting it was wrought at Bayeux itself as a gift to the cathedral upon the order of Odo, bishop of that see. Odo himself plays an important part at a critical moment in the Battle of Hastings, as pictured on the tapestry. You may find him on Plate LXXII. with the inscription: *Hic Odo Eps: Baculu Tenens: Confor: -tat Pueros*. He is fully armed and sits on a blue horse, and wears a spur and carries a mace, and the white frock of his priesthood is not visible. Of the church militant, truly! Odo, then, had the web brodered with careful commemoration of himself and his retinue. And it was carefully made to fit the nave of the cathedral, and hung up there as a decoration for the great feasts, and for the rest kept with care in the treasury. In later days it has shared all the vicissitudes of distressful France. In 1562 it narrowly escaped the pillage of the cathedral by the Calvinists. In 1792, when invasion was imminent, it was all but used as covering for a military equipage. Two years later it ran its chance of being torn to pieces in a civic fête. The wiser citizens of Bayeux formed a league for its protection. Under the Consulate Paris wanted to grab it, but Napoleon graciously entrusted it to the custody of its owners. It never went back to the cathedral, but passed into the hands of the civil administration; and, with the exception of a brief interval in 1871, when it was hidden for fear of the Prussians, has remained on exhibition in the Hôtel-de-Ville.

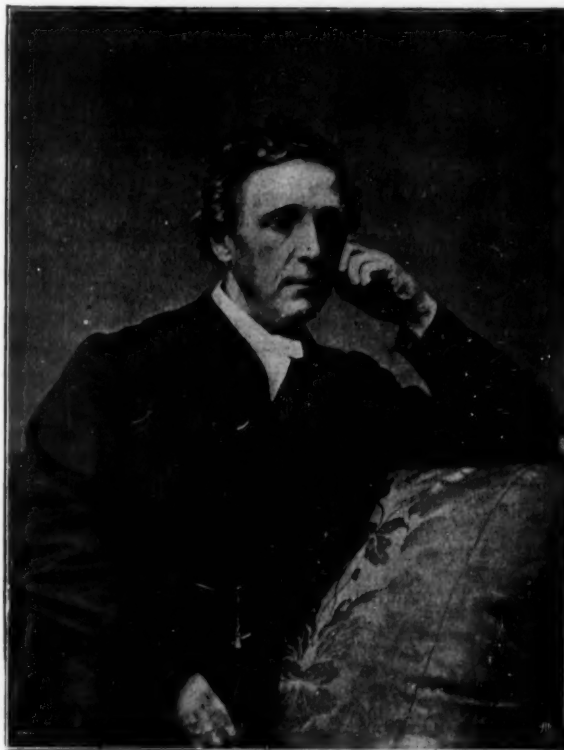
Lewis Carroll.

The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll (Rev. C. L. Dodgson).

By S. D. Collingwood. (Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

THERE are authors of whose lives it is well to know much; and there are authors whom it is needful to meet only in their books. We lay aside Mr. Collingwood's memoir of his uncle with the conviction that Mr. Dodgson belonged rather to the latter group. He was a kindly Christian gentleman, a recluse, a scholar, and a mathematician of extraordinary ingenuity; but the story of his career as Mr. C. L. Dodgson does not strike us as being particularly interesting. Indeed, many of Mr. Collingwood's pages lead us to go farther, and say that there are some authors of whom a partial and possibly erroneous impression is a better one to cherish than a complete one. Mr. Dodgson is among them. The thick line of demarcation which that gentleman always insisted on drawing between Lewis Carroll and Charles Lutwidge Dodgson is, perhaps, indication enough that he himself knew this; and his desire to keep the two personalities apart may be taken as a hint by his admirers, that they, too, should refuse to confound them one with the other. Lewis Carroll lives for ever in *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass*, in *The Hunting of the Snark* and *Sylvie and Bruno*. There he is, in and between the lines, the radiant nonsense-maker, the jocund quibbler, the friend of gentleness in deed and thought, the lover of young laughter.

Every page of Mr. Collingwood's book which extends our knowledge of Lewis Carroll is a delight. Probably the portions of the biography which will most eagerly be turned to by the majority of readers will be those that deal with the "Alice" books. The history of the origins of popular stories is always interesting. *Alice in Wonderland*, it seems, was sent to a publisher on the recommendation of George MacDonald. The first two copies were presented, on July 5, 1865, to Miss Alice Liddell, the original Alice, now Mrs. Hargreaves, and the Princess Beatrice. Lewis Carroll expected for it no popularity at all; but its reception was splendidly cordial. Mr. Collingwood ventures the opinion that the two *Alices*



Lewis Carroll.

are more often referred to in the press than the writings of any other modern author; but Dickens probably comes first. In 1869 *Alice in Wonderland* was translated into French and German. The translators had considerable difficulty with several points. Thus, in the French version of the dialogue containing the "tortoise" "taught us" joke, a fresh pun is substituted.

"La maîtresse était une vieille tortue; nous l'appelions chélonée." "Et pourquoi l'appeliez-vous chélonée, si ce n'était pas son nom?" "Parce qu'on ne pouvait s'empêcher de s'écrier en la voyant. Quel long nez!" dit la Fausse — Tortue d'un ton fâché; "vous êtes vraiment bien bornée!"

But from both versions, French and German, the reference to the whiting being called a whiting because he cleaned the boots [and] shoes, and the statement that no fish ever

travelled without a porpoise, had to be omitted. While on this subject, we might remark that when Mr. Savile Clark made his play out of the two books, he asked the author to complete the song, "Tis the voice of the lobster." Lewis Carroll did so, and this was the first stanza (the whole piece is printed in the new sixpenny *Alice*):

"Tis the voice of the lobster; I heard him declare:

"You have baked me too brown; I must sugar my hair."

As a duck with its eyelids, so he with his nose,

Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out his toes.

When the sands are all dry he is gay as a lark,

And talks with the utmost contempt of the shark;

But when the tide rises, and sharks are around,

His words have a timid and tremulous sound.

When the play was produced (it is just about to be revived) Lewis Carroll took the liveliest interest in its prosperity and performers—who were, it may be remembered, mostly children. On another somewhat similar occasion, however, Lewis Carroll was amusingly disenchanted. He tells the story in his diary:

Nov. 28. — *Matinée* at the Princess's of "Two Little Vagabonds," a very sensational melodrama, capitally acted. "Dick" and "Wally" were played by Kate Tyndall and Sidney Fairbrother, whom I guess to be about fifteen and twelve. Both were excellent, and the latter remarkable for the perfect realism of her acting. There was some beautiful religious dialogue between "Wally" and a hospital nurse—most reverently spoken, and reverently received by the audience.

Dec. 17.—I have given books to Kate Tyndall and Sidney Fairbrother, and have heard from them, and find I was entirely mistaken in taking them for children. Both are married women.

We are tempted to quote another extract from the diary, for the picture it gives of a gifted child, now no more. The date is 1862:

After luncheon I went to the Tennyson's, and got Hallam and Lionel to sign their names in my album. Also I made a bargain with Lionel, that he was to give me some MS. of his verses, and I was to send him some of mine. It was a very difficult bargain to make; I almost despaired of it at first, he put in it so many conditions—first I was to play a game of chess with him; this, with much difficulty, was reduced to twelve moves on each side; but this made little difference, as I checkmated him at the sixth move. Second, he was to be allowed to give me one blow on the head with a mallet (this he at last consented to give up). I forget if there were others, but it ended in my getting the verses, for which, I have written out "The Lonely Moor" for him.

Through the Looking-Glass (originally to be called "Behind the Looking-Glass and What Alice Saw There," but renamed by Dr. Liddon) appeared in 1871, and instantaneously was successful. Henry Kingsley wrote that it was the "finest thing since *Martin Chuzzlewit*"; and a writer in the *Queen* stated that "Jabberwocky" was a translation from the German. The late Dean Scott of Rochester looked humorously upon the poem as an heirloom of the Aryan race: "The hero will turn out to be the Sun-god in one of his *Avatars*; and the Tumtum tree the great Ash *Ygdrasil* of the Scandinavian mythology." The story as written contained one chapter that does not appear, owing it seems, to a criticism of Sir John Tenniel.

We should like to see that chapter. A certain little girl told Lewis Carroll that of the two *Alice* books she thought *Through the Looking-Glass* the stupider: for the author was very generous with copies of his books and always keen to know how the recipients liked them. These recipients, by the way, were almost without exception little girls. Boys he could hardly abide.

Here we must stop. Let us say, however, that a number of interesting figures flit across Mr. Collingwood's pages, including Mr. Du Maurier, with a pretty piece of a letter about Miss Montgomery's *Misunderstood*, which he illustrated; and the Tennysons, and a number of Lewis Carroll's girl friends. There also are many reproductions of Lewis Carroll's drawings and Mr. Dodgson's photographs of notable men and women. Mr. Collingwood has done his work with discretion; but apart from its quotations it is not too bright. That, perhaps, is the fault of Mr. Dodgson, who "made a *précis* of every letter he wrote or received from January 1, 1861, to the 8th of the same month 1898"—98,721 in all! Let us end by quoting a riddle from the diary: "Invented what I think is a new kind of riddle. A Russian had three sons. The first, named Rab, became a lawyer; the second, Ymra, became a soldier; the third became a sailor. What was his name?" Mr. Collingwood offers no clue to this problem. Our readers may like to work it for themselves; but we warn them that we have no notion of the answer ourselves.

The Latest Book on Biblical Archæology.

Early Israel and the Surrounding Nations. By the Rev. A. H. Sayce, Professor of Assyriology at Oxford. (Service & Paton. 6s.)

ARCHÆOLOGICAL discoveries follow so quickly upon one another in these days that it is as much as any populariser of science can do to keep pace with them. Prof. Sayce, therefore, is quite justified in producing the present book after something less than the usual yearly interval since his *Early History of the Hebrews* (see ACADEMY, June 4, 1898). Yet it is not with this last volume that we should compare the present book so much as with his *Ancient Empires of the East*, published so far back as 1884. It is true that there all mention of the Hebrews is omitted, the book being designed as an introduction to Herodotus; but the greater part of both books is occupied with a compact account of the social and religious history of Egypt and Babylonia, and it is by contrasting the earlier and later statements that we see what vast additions have been made to our knowledge of antiquity. In 1884, Prof. Sayce could declare Egypt to be "historically the oldest of countries," and that "every attempt to discover a primitive connexion" between the culture of Egypt and Babylonia had failed; but in the present book he repeats more than once that the civilisation of Western Asia is "immensely old," and that the culture of the Pharaonic Egyptians was imported from Babylonia. Then, too, he could lament that the reign of Menes, the first king of Egypt, depended so entirely upon tradition that the dates assigned to it by competent scholars varied by more than 2000 years; but

now the French Egyptologists have recovered not only the tomb of Menes, but his very bones. Then, he could speak of a king of Ur whose date hardly anyone puts earlier than 3000 B.C. as "the first of the great Babylonian builders"; but now we have the ruins of great constructions which go back at least another 1500 years. Prof. Sayce's views of the ancient history of the East must have undergone some startling changes since 1884.

The advance of our knowledge has not, however, been so uniform that archaeologists are likely just yet to sigh for fresh worlds to conquer. As the present volume reminds us, no new discoveries as to the early history of Phœnicia have lately come to light, nor has Prof. Sayce much to say upon the question of the lost Hittite empire beyond what he said in his famous monograph some ten years ago. This last is the more disappointing as there has lately been a rumour that he had at length solved the mystery of the Hittite system of picture-writing, which might throw some light upon several disputed points. With regard to the history of the Hebrews, he seems to us to have advanced a little farther in the rationalistic view of the Old Testament narrative that we have noted from time to time. It was, he tells us, the pressure of the Libyan invasion which forced the Pharaoh Mineptah to consent to the Exodus "quite as much as the 'signs and wonders' which were wrought by the hand of Moses." He thinks, too, that the Exodus was separated by "only a few years" from the capture of Hebron, and thereby knocks the legend of the forty years' wandering on the head. While he amplifies his formerly expressed view of the position of Gideon (or, as he calls him, Jerubbaal) by the statement that "the theocracy had failed," and that the Hebrews, like other Semitic peoples, had come to see that "military rather than religious control" was necessary to them if they were to conquer their neighbours. He thinks that it was the northern tribes, whom he describes throughout as Hebrews of purer blood than the "tribe" of Judah, who first perceived these truths and thus brought about the premature kingship of Abimelech. The appendices contain some valuable justificatory pieces in the shape of extracts from the Tel-el-Amarna letters, the treaty between Rameses II. and the Hittites, the "Negative Confession" of the Egyptian dead, and the like; but the book would be improved by an index and a map. Some mistakes, such as "the vanquished people were decimated [*sic*], every second man being mercilessly slain," point to over-hasty preparation.

A London Pastor's Memories.

Newman Hall: An Autobiography. (Cassell & Co.)

MR. HALL is one of the "grand old men" of the Dissenting ministry, and he had every right to believe that his reminiscences would interest the public. He has further ensured this by casting them in a frank and gossipy style, and by relieving them with an abundance of anecdote. We propose to pick a few plums from his book, the general character of which may be easily imagined.

It seems to be understood that every clergyman shall make a personal statement about tobacco. Accordingly we

find Mr. Hall saying, in his account of his "Childhood" (he lays that period between 1816 and 1830):

At nine years old I began to smoke. At nine years old I left off "for good." In my ninth decade I do not desire to recommence. On a certain Sunday, during our weekly walk, my schoolfellows found some dried cane branches (perhaps "traveller's joy") and cut them into cigarettes. I smoked with the rest, but, becoming very sick, I threw my "weed" away. During seventy years I have pursued my life-travels so pleasantly as not to need this "traveller's joy."

From which it appears that Mr. Hall smoked dried cane, and, becoming ill, gave up tobacco!

At college Mr. Hall practised preaching assiduously. In order to attain to fluency he used to place his Bible on his mantelshelf every morning; then, opening it at random, he would read out the first verse that caught his eye, and at once begin to discourse on it aloud, making it his text. Ten minutes of uninterrupted word-making on this plan soon made him a ready speaker. As a young pastor at Hull Mr. Hall preached and travelled after the fashion of a bygone day; and few members of his present congregations will be able to picture their pastor as a young man, riding in third-class cattle-trucks, with wooden seats, and no shelter from the weather, taking spiritual food to obscure Yorkshire villages. But Mr. Hall has been through the mill. Here is one of his Hull stories. Dr. Mellor was one of the most popular preachers in that town. "The only objection to him was his popularity elsewhere. In praying for him one day, a good man said: 'O Lord, bless our Enoch! we love him, Lord! but, O Lord, tie him by the leg; tie him by the leg!'" However popular Mr. Hall himself may have been at Hull, the Lord did not tie him by the leg: for in 1854 he came to Surrey Chapel, thus beginning a pastorate which lasted thirty-eight years, and has been distinguished by the erection of one of the finest modern churches in the kingdom. We shall not follow Mr. Newman Hall through his work in South London. The following story may prove more useful to our readers than much chapel history:

One day I was chatting with a farmer about the best method of self-defence when attacked by a savage dog. "Take off your hat and hold it in front of you. The dog will at once bite the rim. Then kick violently under your hat, and, the distance being exactly that of the length of your leg, the toe of your boot will strike the lower jaw of the dog, which will at once go off in great pain." The very next day I was crossing a large field, when a fierce dog rushed at me. There was no refuge near. I had no stick. I remembered my lesson. In an instant the dog rushed howling round the field, and I went my way.

Of preaching stories Mr. Hall has many. A young preacher of very small stature, but of great confidence, came to preach at Hull on a public occasion. Knowing well that at the first sight of him the congregation would be disappointed, this young man sought to compensate for his few inches by a bold appearance in the pulpit. He accordingly gave out his text with tremendous emphasis: "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ." The next moment his energy had overbalanced the frail reading-desk, and he fell with it prostrate, amid the splintering of wood and the upstarting of deacons.

A New Illustrator.

A Hundred Fables of Æsop. By Sir Roger L'Estrange.
With Pictures by Percy J. Billinghamurst. (Lane. 6s.)

MR. KENNETH GRAHAME, in his preface to this volume of interesting drawings, goes back to the beginning of things, and shows the fable's inception. He finds its origin in "a form of politeness still lingering in the breasts of the superior or preaching portion of humanity, who wished to avoid giving more pain than necessary when



pursuing the inevitable task laid upon them by their virtues of instructing the inferior and silent portion how to be—well, just a little less inferior." To politeness we may add cowardice. But, in addition to the unpleasantness of the result in some cases, "there were difficulties," Mr. Grahame continues, "in getting a frivolous humanity to listen at all, unless one took a leaf from the book of that unprofitable rascal, the story-teller,

... and so, with half a sigh, the preacher fell upon the element of fiction." The fable, therefore, is a means of calling a man names obliquely. So far so good. But, says Mr. Grahame of his preacher, "there was a certain moral cowardice in the means he hit upon. The friendly, tactful, unobtrusive beasts around him—could they not be seized upon and utilised to point the requisite moral? True, it would be no good to hold up their real characteristics for the public admonishment. The moment they were really studied they were seen to be so modest, so mutually helpful, so entirely free from vanity, affectation, and fads; so tolerant, uncomplaining, and determined to make the best of everything," that it was necessary to endow them with qualities not their own—human qualities—in order to extract from them the full amount of usefulness demanded by the preacher; and so the peacock became vain and the donkey foolish that mankind might be rebuked. The animals said nothing, but thought a deal. Hence, says Mr. Grahame, "when you meet a bird or a beast, and it promptly proceeds to move off in an obviously different direction, without abuse indeed or scurrility or even reproach, but with a distinct intention of seeing as little of you as possible during the rest of the afternoon, you may be pretty sure it is thinking of Æsop's Fables."

Thus prettily does Mr. Grahame prepare the way for the sturdy homespun fables of Sir Roger L'Estrange (after Æsop) and Mr. Billinghamurst's vivid drawings. It is late to speak of L'Estrange, but his new illustrator demands attention. Mr. Billinghamurst has brought to his task the most assiduous and continual care, so that it is impossible to point to any case of scamping or hurry in all these hundred cuts. His black and white are sharp and clean; his pictures have light of their own—look, for example, at the cloud in "The Boar and the Ass," p. 17; his

animals have life and, what is more, character; he has a sense of drama and a most welcome gift of composition. Sometimes—as in "The Hares and the Frogs," p. 41—the perspective is not good; sometimes—as in "The Horse and the Loaded Ass," p. 77—the foreground would be strengthened by more elaboration; or sometimes—as in "The Sick Kite," p. 29—the extra ornament is no additional merit; but Mr. Lane has discovered an artist of very conspicuous attainments. A thoughtful child could hardly have a more richly entertaining present.

Our illustration is a reduced reproduction of Mr. Billinghamurst's version of "The Man and his Goose." It runs, in Sir Roger L'Estrange, thus:

A Certain Good Man had a Goose that Laid him Golden Eggs, which could not be, he thought, without a Mine in the Belly of her. Upon This Presumption he Cut her up to Search for Hidden Treasure; But upon the Dissection found her just like *Other Geese*, and that the Hope of Getting More had betray'd him to the Loss of what he had in Possession. The MORAL: This is the Fate, Folly, and Mischief of Vain Desires, and of an Immoderate Love of Riches. Content wants Nothing; and Covetousness brings Beggary.

The Hoosier Poet.

The Golden Year. Selections from the Verse and Prose of James Whitcomb Riley. Edited by Clara E. Laughlin. (Longmans. 5s.)

By the time that a poet's verses are searched to supply quotations for a calendar or a Birthday-book he may be said to have established a reputation. Mr. James Whitcomb Riley has established his reputation. But whereas in America his admirers number thousands, on this side of the Atlantic he is known only to a few readers here and there, although English editions of some of his best books are to be bought. Yet dialect poets who employ the vernacular of our own counties are too much neglected for Mr. Riley, who writes largely in the language of the Hoosier district, to feel soreness in the matter. If English people refuse to read William Barnes of Dorsetshire and Edwin Waugh of Lancashire, it is hardly to be expected that they will be very strenuous in reaching for the works of the Hoosier bard. Yet the Hoosier tongue is not a very difficult one. It goes thus:

Sometimes, when I bin bad,
An' Pa corrects me nen,
An' Uncle Sidney he comes here,
I'm alluz good again;
'Cause Uncle Sidney says,
An' takes me up an' smiles,—
The goodest mens they is ain't good
As baddest little chiles!

And thus:

Whoever's Foreman of all things here,
As my uncle ust to say,
He knows each job 'at we're best fit fer,
And our round-up, night and day;
And a-sizing *His* work east and west,
And north and south, and worst and best,
I ain't got nothin' to suggest,
As my uncle ust to say.

And thus:

Had a hare-lip—Joney had:
Spiled his looks, and Joney knowed it;
Fellers tried to bore him, bad,—
But, if ever he got mad,
He kep' still and never showed it.
'Druther have his mouth, all pouted
And split up, and like it wuz,
Than the ones 'at laughed about it,—
Party is as party does.

These three scraps give us Mr. Riley's scope. He is a poet of homeliness and tenderness. He is happiest when thinking of his childhood or when playing with children.



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The old home, the old home—that thought runs through everything he has written. He has a wistful outlook on life: tears come to his eyes very quickly, but his invincible optimism brushes them away. All his Hoosier work has the same intimate domestic quality, the same love of right and kindness and simplicity and sympathy, the same half-humorous satisfaction with things as God made them. Even in his droll verses for and about children the note of pathos is apt to creep in. But it is legitimate pathos, a part of the man's nature. It is not strained after. In one of his rustic pieces Mr. Riley expresses his poetical creed:

What we want, as I sense it, in the line
O' poetry is somepin' Yours and Mine—
Somepin' with live-stock in it, and out-doors,
And old crick-bottoms, snags, and sycamores.

Putt in old Nature's sermons—they's the best—
And 'casion'ly hang up a hornet's nest
'At boys 'at's run away from school can git
At handy-like—and let 'em tackle it!
Let us be wrought on, of a truth, to feel
Our proneness fer to hurt more than we heal,
In ministratin' to our vain delights,—
Fergettin' even insec's has their rights.

And Mr. Riley practises what he preaches. There is no humaner poet now writing, and no tenderer and gentler; and no one loves children with a sweeter love than he. This little book provides a very comprehensive introduction to his work, and will, we hope, send readers to it.

The Poets and London.

London in Song. Compiled by Wilfred Whitten. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

THESE irrepressible, these dauntless poets! Of what will they not sing, and where will they not sing? Mr. W. H. Hudson, in an excellent piece here given by Mr. Whitten, makes himself the laureate of the London sparrow; and the London sparrow should surely be the patron spirit of the London poet. So bravely chirping amid surroundings so unbirdlike, "called to struggle through dark ways," and struggling through them with such a cheerful determination to make the best of things, so valiantly persuading himself that streets are fields and mud green grass, that he does veritably for us bring the fields into the streets; he is the very emblem of the London poets. Mr. Whitten's aim, however, is to give us the poets who have sung of London. With all the latitude of selection he allows himself, it is astonishing to find that there are two hundred quotable poems dealing more or less directly with London or London life. Many poets, from Chaucer onwards, have been London-born; but it is a novel thing to find that so many have made her the theme of their verse—the great, grimy, imperial city!

Yet some of the poems remind us strangely that London was once neither grimy nor vast, that her sky was untarnished, her houses fair and seemly to view, her river sweet and clear, she was in pleasant and neighbourly intimacy with green fields. She was once an unequivocally beautiful city. But the majority of the poems know her—yea, and love her—in her modern aspect. "*Nigra sum, sed formosa*," she says through their verse. Black, too, evidently she is, and comely she appears to her poet-lovers. So she appears to Mr. Whitten, whose preface is the preface of one that loves his mistress for her very disfeatures. His collection is chosen with true knowledge and affection. He distinctly warns us that he has not confined himself to verse fine as poetry. Verse light and witty, or even merely curious, he has swept into his net. In this book, triply divided under the headings of "The Town," "The River," and "The City," jostling the poetical poetry of Mr. Henley, Arnold, and their peers, will be found the graphic impressionism of Byron—not poetry, but wonderful verse—the clever sketches of Swift, from whom Byron learned much, the brilliant *vers de société* of Praed, the less masculine work of Locker Lampson, the pleasant verse of Luttrell—a predecessor of both—half-doggerel ballads, and productions of the City Poet. You have poetry from the earlier poets, great and small; and Scotch Dunbar gives his tribute, Lydgate his antiquely interesting ballad, with its picture of the London streets in the fifteenth century. Captain Morris praises

the "sweet shady side of Pall Mall," the Regency chimes with the seventeenth century; and all are in a tale. It is a book to dip into and return to again and again. And Mr. William Hyde has brought so much strong yet delicate decorative art to bear on cover and endpapers that it is also a thing of beauty.

A Cotswold Village. By J. Arthur Gibbs. (John Murray. 6s.)

THIS is a kind of book of which we have too few specimens in these days. It is akin to some of William Howitt's books about country life; it is sweet and unambitious, and is steeped in the rural life of which it treats. Anyone who loves old English country life, and wishes to know where he may find it in greatest purity, should put this book on his shelves. He need be in no hurry to read it. There will come an hour when he will take it down and thank its writer for these pages out of Gloucestershire, with all their fragrant matter about the sturdy yeomen of whom so few are left in England, the grey manor houses, the politics of white-walled villages, the names of fields, the Cotswold words, the fairs, the sports, the old churches, the old trees, the lingering customs—all harmonised by one who knows and loves the Cotswold country.

Mr. Gibbs expressly warns the tourist that there is really nothing to see in the Cotswolds that cannot be seen much nearer London. He writes for those for whom *any* unsophisticated country is full of charm. But his book will draw the tourist to the Cotswold country all the same. There he will find "one of the few spots now remaining on earth which have not only been made beautiful by God, but in which the hand of man has erected scarcely a building which is not in strict conformity and good taste. . . . Here all the houses are picturesque, great and small alike." September is the best month for the Cotswolds: when the far-stretching table-lands are all golden stubble, and the kestrel and the heron are seen floating above the breathless land. Nor need the visitor be affrighted by the Gloucestershire dialect. Mr. Gibbs tells him:

If thee true "Gloucestershire" would know
I'll tell thee how us always zays un;
Put "I" for "me," and "a" for "o"
On every possible occasion.

When in doubt squeeze in a "w"—
"Stwuns," not "stones." And don't forget, zur,
That "thee" must stand for "thou" and "you";
"Her" for "she" and *vice versa*.

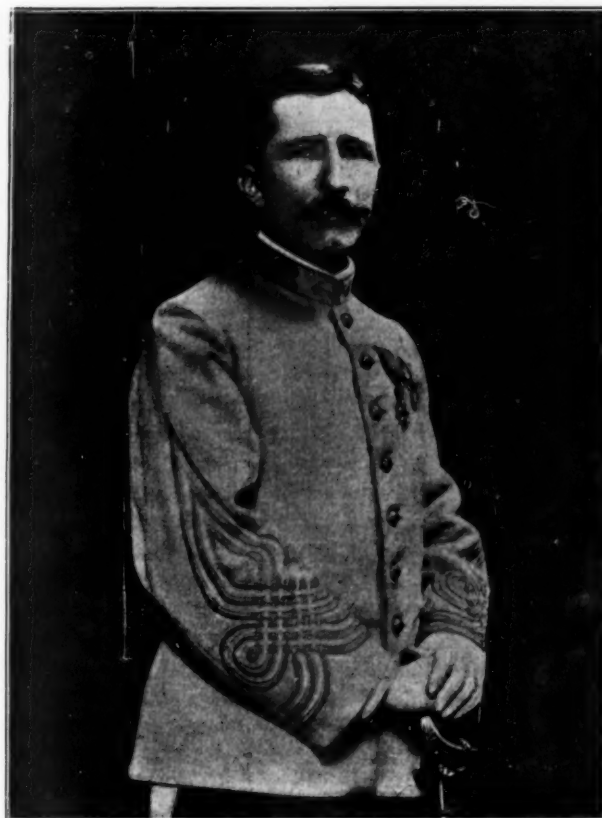
Put "v" for "f"; for "s" put "z";
"Th" and "t" we change to "d"—
So dry an' kip this in thine yead
An' thou will't talk as plain as we.

With this lesson in the language of the Cotswolds, we must leave a charming book to its predestined readers. We think they will be many and fit.

The Dreyfus Case. By Fred. C. Conybeare, M.A. (Allen. 3s. 6d.)

THIS is by far the fullest and clearest presentment of the Dreyfus case which has appeared in this country. It is animated by a passionate belief in the innocence of the

man on Devil's Island, but it is not the less a cool, exact, and infinitely patient examination of all the authentic documents and materials of which the author could obtain knowledge. A series of photographs of some of the chief



COLONEL G. PICQUART.

actors in the lurid drama is given; and we are enabled to reproduce the photograph which will, we believe, interest our readers most—that of the brave, unhappy Picquart.

The Cuchullin Saga in Irish Literature. By Eleanor Hull. (Nutt: "Grimm Library." 5s. net.)

THE Cuchullin Saga is the second of the three great cycles of Celtic heroic legend. It follows the cycle of the Tuatha dé Danann and precedes the Ossianic or Fenian cycle, which, owing to Macpherson's illegitimate use of it, has acquired such an undue predominance in the popular imagination. The historical elements in the saga, such as they are, belong to the couple of centuries or so before Christ, but the central figure, Cuchullin himself, is clearly mythical; being, in fact, the best Irish representative of the culture-hero type whose importance in Aryan hero tales has been so luminously studied by Prof. Rhys in his Hibbert Lectures. The saga has been preserved in a fairly complete form. Of the hundred tales or so of which it formerly consisted, all but about a score have come down to us, many of them in the "Book of the Dun Cow," or in the "Yellow Book of Lecan." From these Miss Hull has selected fourteen, and has brought together translations of them from various sources for the benefit of the readers

of the "Grimm Library." Some of these are by such well-known English or English-writing Celtic scholars as Eugene O'Curry, Dr. Kuno Meyer, Dr. Whitley Stokes, and Mr. Standish O'Grady. Others are retranslated from the learned periodicals of France or Germany. They include "The Birth of Conachar," "The Tragical Death of the Sons of Usnach," "The Siege of Howth," "The Death of Cuchullin," and an analysis of the great central legend of "The Táin bó Cuailgne." Thus they give a very fair conspectus and example of the whole saga. Miss Hull prefixes a valuable critical and historical preface and some useful notes and appendices. The English reader could not wish for a better introduction to the wildest and most fascinating division of Irish myth.

The Philippine Islands. By Dean C. Worcester. (Macmillan & Co. 15s.)

THIS book ought to be a veritable encyclopædia of the Philippines, if weight and size go for anything. As a fact, it does not pretend to be so much; indeed, the historical information given is avowedly borrowed from Mr. John Foreman's standard work on these islands. Our author's concerns are with the ethnology and natural history of the Philippines; and his work is founded on the personal experiences of himself and other American scientific men in two expeditions undertaken by them in 1887 and 1890. These expeditions are not separately recounted, but a picture of the islands evolved from them both is presented in a very interesting narrative.

The man in the street may be trusted to have the vaguest ideas of the geographical features of these much-paraphrased, much-discussed islands in the North Pacific. They are about 1,200 in number, and there are no fewer than twenty islands in the group with areas of 100 to 250 square miles. How many people does the man in the street think there are in Manila? There are no fewer than 300,000 souls, of which 200,000 are natives. The Spanish, Spanish creoles, and Spanish half-castes together number only 9,000, and they are outnumbered as ten to one by the mere Chinese and Chinese half-castes. Yesterday these were facts for Gradgrind; to-day they have a dramatic interest. We heartily regret that the mysterious law under which books of great value are published neck-and-neck in the early winter makes it impossible for us to follow Mr. Worcester through pages which are often of enthralling interest. The hunting experiences of his party are sometimes sheer romance, and the whole narrative is gay and illuminative. As for the Spanish rule, its character is deliciously indicated in Mr. Worcester's account of the trouble which he and his party had to get their baggage passed through the customs-house. After applying to every civil functionary who could be awakened from a siesta or detained from his pleasures, Mr. Worcester discovered that the islands are really ruled by the Archbishop. He accordingly planned an interview with his Holiness, first approaching an English-speaking priest of the Jesuit College. Padre S. requested to be told exactly what Mr. Worcester desired to obtain from the Archbishop. Mr. Worcester said he wanted an order for his baggage. Whereupon the padre asked him *if he did not consider himself rather young to be in politics.*

American Prose. Edited by George Rice Carpenter. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

THIS is a volume of representative selections, put together on the model of Sir Henry Craik's admirable "English Prose Writers." That is to say, half-a-dozen pieces at most, from one to a dozen pages long, are given from each author chosen; of each a brief biography and appreciation is written by a different critic, and a general introduction by a general editor is prefixed. If the average reading Englishman were asked to name twenty-five eminent American writers of prose, living authors excluded, he would probably be floored. Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe, Wendell Holmes, Motley, Lowell, Thoreau, Whitman, would come out glibly enough, and then the flow would cease. Nevertheless, Prof. Carpenter gets his twenty-five. Those mentioned are, of course, all in the list, and with them are Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, Charles Brockden Brown, Daniel Webster, Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, William Hickling Prescott, Longfellow, Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses Grant, George William Curtis, and Francis Parkman. The only lady held worthy is Mrs. Beecher Stowe. It is a respectable rather than a brilliant company. Prof. Carpenter puts his finger on the weak side of American prose when he points out that, with the exception of Hawthorne, there is hardly a writer to be named to whom style appeared as a matter for conscious attention. The peculiarity of American literature is, that the romantic revival of the beginning of the present century hardly affected it. "With very few exceptions," says Prof. Carpenter, "our literature is purely pre-romantic, purely eighteenth century in its simplicity and dignity, in its appeal to the judgment, in the degree to which it is directed to the intelligence and sympathy of the mass of the people, and in the extent to which it is written for their behoof or comfort or amusement." The introductory essay, from which this excerpt is taken, is a useful and comprehensive bit of criticism, while in carrying out the general design of the book Prof. Carpenter has had the assistance of a competent band of critics, among whom Prof. C. E. Norton, who does Lowell, and Mr. W. D. Howells, who does Curtis, are noticeable. We are sorry, however, not to find any contribution by Mr. J. J. Chapman.

Traditional Games. Vol. II. By A. B. Gomme. (Nutt. 12s. 6d.)

THE first volume of Mrs. Gomme's work appeared some years ago, and has been widely recognised as one of the most valuable of recent contributions to English folklore. The method is that of a dictionary. The games are arranged in alphabetical order, and under each Mrs. Gomme gives all the important variants in the mode of play which have reached her from printed or unprinted sources, analyses them, and indicates any possible origin in primitive custom or ritual which has occurred to her. The first game so treated in the present volume is the "singing game" of "Oats and Beans and Barley"; the last is, oddly enough, another form of the same game, "Would you know how doth the Peasant?" Both are

mimetic, either of the actual agricultural operation of sowing, or, as Mrs. Gomme appears to think, of what was itself an imitation of this process in the ritual of the early spring festival. Comparatively few English games, however, can be shown to have any connexion with the customs of the agricultural cult. The most important besides the one mentioned are football and its congeners, and the dramatic game of "Oranges and Lemons." The full significance of this latter game Mrs. Gomme has hardly seen. In almost every version of it one incident represents the cutting off of a head; not, as Mrs. Gomme suggests, a traitor's head, but the head of a victim sacrificed for the fertility of the year's crops. This head is then struggled for in the "tug-of-war" by the representatives of the two adjacent villages which offer up the joint sacrifice. Not this game alone, but football, tug-of-war, and all similar games, would have been clearer to Mrs. Gomme if she had considered them in relation to the Indian village festival described in her husband's *Ethnology in Folklore*. The volume ends with some "addenda" to its predecessor, and with a memoir in which Mrs. Gomme gives a trial classification of games, and suggests some lines upon which the study of the rich materials she has collected might be profitably undertaken. We trust that Mr. Nutt will see his way to continuing the proposed "Dictionary of British Folklore," of which these two interesting volumes are a first instalment.

China in Decay. By Alexis Krausse. (Chapman & Hall.)

It was an excellent idea to produce at this juncture a volume of moderate dimensions that should enable the ordinary man to understand so much as is understandable as to the Chinese Question. Mr. Krausse, whose articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Fortnightly Review* have already proved him to be well-equipped with knowledge, has carried out that idea with an abundance of skill and industry. His book opens with an account of the country, its people, and its government, and then you come to two admirably succinct chapters on "The British Record" in China. For these alone the book is one to be treasured, since Mr. Krausse has condensed in them the accumulated results of an infinity of reading, and made clear the whole of our relations with that country. No one who has read them carefully can help understanding how matters have developed, and the account is hardly to be surpassed for interest if one is content to regard it as a record of the ways of the Chinese. If, however, one is touched with the author's enthusiasm for the good name of the British Empire, these two chapters contain a considerable amount of matter that can hardly be read without the intensest indignation. Following these there come chapters on the relations of Russia, France, and Germany with China. These also demand to be read, for our own position in the Far East has, of course, been tremendously affected by the importation of these new factors. In other chapters Mr. Krausse deals with Chinese trade and Chinese politics, and explains (with the aid of a map which is probably unique, in that it contains no indication of the things that are non-existent) the railway system of that country. His concluding chapters, on the Situation and the Future, are

by way of being prophecy. He is convinced that the Chinese Question has hardly yet been heard of, and that the future is big with events of the highest moment. Mr. Krausse considers that we have lost a great opportunity, and that the only thing which remains to us is to wait until Russia has her railways completed, and is ready to fight us in China, when we shall be compelled to oblige her without the chance of gaining much that is desirable. His book certainly seems to prove that he is right, and should prove of the utmost value, alike to the publicist and to the general reader. It possesses an excellent index, and several good maps.

English Lyrics from Spenser to Milton. Selected by John Dennis. Illustrated by Anning Bell. (Bell. 6s.)

MR. ANNING BELL, whose illustrated *Pilgrim's Progress* (with Mr. Firth's very admirable introduction) we have already noticed, has made a large number of pictures for this



MR. ANNING BELL'S FRONTISPIECE TO "ENGLISH LYRICS."

volume. The poems are well chosen and the drawings are pleasing. We do not think that Mr. Anning Bell gains either in strength or charm, but there are many gay and graceful pictures in this book, the frontispiece of which we reproduce.

The Emperor Hadrian. By Ferdinand Gregorovius. (Macmillan. 12s.)

DR. GREGOROVIVS is best known by his elaborate and important history of Rome during the Middle Ages. The slighter monograph which Miss M. E. Robinson has now translated was originally written in 1851, and revised in 1883. Without being a great work, it gives a good picture both of the Emperor and his times, and has the advantages of being readably written and faithfully translated. To the translation a preface is contributed by Prof.

Pelham, who probably knows more about the earlier empire than any man living, with the possible exception of Mommsen. In this he gives a luminous estimate both of the book and its subject. Of the former he tells us that it is "best in the chapters which describe the general culture, the literary, philosophic, and artistic movements of the day"; and "weakest when dealing with the political history and with the many technicalities of Roman administration." About Hadrian himself Prof. Pelham is much more enthusiastic. He considers that some injustice has been done to him in comparison with his predecessor, Trajan, and his successor, Marcus Aurelius. Hadrian, far more than either of these, was a great statesman, with a definite ideal and a well-considered policy. He had formed "the conception of the empire as a single, well compacted state, internally homogeneous, and standing out in clear relief against surrounding barbarism." To realise this conception he laboured in the demarcation of boundaries—witness "Hadrian's Wall" in these islands—and the consolidation of the mistress city with her provinces. This aspect of Hadrian is not altogether brought out in Gregorovius's book, but it must be remembered that the inscriptions and similar material on which Prof. Pelham's view is founded have largely been brought to light since Gregorovius's time.

Postscript.

"NOR old nor young, he has seen something of the sadness and the jest of life, and learned the wisdom of his pipe, and its all-compelling charm, from endurance and experience. He is an embodiment of Nature's *lex talionis*, and, so regarded, has for each of us a warning not to be neglected with impunity." Such is Mr. Harry Quilter's conception of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, whose history, in Browning's version, he has just published, with designs by himself and decorations by Mrs. Quilter. The work is elaborate and ingenious, and the industry at the back of it is colossal. In this respect Mr. Quilter is akin to the monkish illuminators in the gray abbeys of Touraine. "Three thousand hours of careful work," says Mr. Quilter, have been expended on the publication; and if, as the late Mr. Tyson held, "attainment is nothing and pleasure only in the pursuit," why then, Mr. Quilter should be a happy man. He dedicates the work to all children, but in particular to the four little ones for whom he has "to pay the piper." In addition to the ordinary large edition of *The Pied Piper*, Mr. Quilter will issue also a small one on vellum, and a very sumptuous one printed in colours and bound in silk.

Once again *Who's Who* (Black) is upon us. This is the best of the Christmas numbers. It is not exactly literary, it is not invariably accurate, but it is interesting. Curiosity is as noticeable a feature of human nature at large as it was of Bluebeard's widow, and Mr. Sladen provides in *Who's Who* a banquet for the curious. Among the new biographies is one of Don Carlos, who, however, pleads guilty to no "recreations." On the other hand, Mr. Sladen himself is still a Rugby footballer, and Dr. Leyds, who is another new-comer to the book, favours gymnastics, music, and art. Mr. Cecil Rhodes is the most conspicuous of the

1899 additions, and his list of recreations is tremendous. It runs thus:

Kept the drag at Oxford; rides daily for two hours at 6 a.m.; reads chiefly the classics, of which he has a fine collection, with a separate library of typewritten translations executed specially for him; Froude and Carlyle he admires universally; favourite reading, biography and history; knows Gibbon almost by heart; favourite work of fiction, *Vanity Fair*, which he admires more than any single work in literature; collects old furniture, china, and curios generally, with a preference for anything Dutch; has a Sir Joshua Reynolds; fond of nearly all old fashions; fond of old things, particularly of old oak chests; goes in greatly for gardening, especially rose-culture; good pyramid player; a fair shot; has a menagerie on Table Mountain; visits his lions there every day when he can; his zebras, ostriches, and buck of all kind are not caged, but run wild in huge enclosed tracts of the mountain side.

Who's Who is very capably done, and is most useful.

"Went to see Gretna Green . . . and made the old parson who performs so drunk that he could not read ye marriage ceremony to a couple who went there soon after to be married, and they were obliged to wait till he was sober." "Shot three wild geese, one with ball at 150 yards flying, and another at 100 measured yards flying." "Resolved to live as jollily this New Year as my purse and constitution will allow, without injuring them." These are three entries from a diary kept by Mr. R. J. Thomson at the end of the last century. Mr. Thomson was the grandfather of Col. R. F. Meysey-Thompson, the author of a straggling, entertaining, and artless book entitled *Reminiscences of The Course, The Camp, The Chase* (Arnold). We should have liked more of the grandfather's tales, but the grandson knows his subjects and has seen much.

"This is an age of vindications. Robespierre has been vindicated, and so has Marat; officious apologists have attempted to whitewash the unamiable character of Richard III.; Tiberius has been described as 'a wise and great ruler,' " and so forth. We wonder how many of our readers could rightly name the subject of the essay to which these words serve as opening. The subject is "Earwigs," the writer is Mr. Grant Allen, and the book is *Flashlights on Nature* (Newnes). In these papers, reprinted from the *Strand Magazine*, Mr. Grant Allen discourses very agreeably and pointedly—and as no one else could—upon a number of the less obvious phenomena of plant and insect life.

Yet another volume on the recent campaign in the Sudan has been published. This time the writer is Mr. Ernest N. Bennett, who, in the interests of the readers of the *Westminster Gazette*, exchanged the placid pursuits of a fellow and lecturer of Hertford College, Oxford, for the uneasy and precarious life of a war correspondent. His book, *The Downfall of the Dervishes* (Methuen)—in obedience to an unwritten law all works on the fall of Khartum have to bear alliterative titles—is bright and readable. Better ones have, however, preceded it, although Mr. Bennett, it must be conceded, has new things of his own to say.

Amateur acting having (for the actors) perennial fascination, a history of the pastime should find many readers. Mr. W. G. Elliot's *Amateur Acting* (Arnold) covers the

ground with some thoroughness. Mr. Elliot, who is well known for his excellent impersonations on the professional stage (he is now playing Manœuvring Jane's father at the Haymarket), opens the book with anecdotes of amateur acting at Eton. Once "The Corsican Brothers" was given there with great effect, a Master, who was present, being particularly delighted with the realism of the paper snowstorm. Subsequently he missed a bundle of the Middle Division Trial Papers, which he had left on the Pupil-room desk. He asked sternly if anyone had seen them. "Please, sir," came a quavering voice, "please, sir, the snow." "The what?" "The snow, sir, for 'The Corsican Brothers.'" All the Middle Division got through that exam. Among Mr. Elliot's contributors are Captain George Nugent, who treats of the Guards' Burlesque; Mr. Yardley, who describes the Canterbury "Old Stagers" and Amateur Pantomime; and Mr. Claud Nugent, on the O.U.D.S.

Once upon a time there was a writer named William Brighty Rands, who was known as the Laureate of Lilliput. Thirty years ago his verses were in many nurseries, and now Mr. Lane has reprinted them, with pictures by Mr. Charles Robinson, under the title *Lilliput Lyrics*. Here you may read of "Shockheaded Cicely and the Two Bears," and of "The Giant Frodgedobbulum," and of "Clean Clara." Clean Clara cleaned a hundred thousand things:

She cleaned the tent-stitch and the sampler;
She cleaned the tapestry which was ampler;
Joseph going down into the pit
And the Shunammite woman with the boy in a fit.

The verses are easy and genial. Mr. Robinson's drawings have similar qualities, but are sometimes unnecessarily rough. From a master of such delicate line as he one resents deliberate uncouthness.

In spite of the fact that "Ellen Terry's buoyancy, her all-pervading gracefulness, the charm of her singular voice, in which laughter and tears seem to be in everlasting chase, the innate femininity of all she attempts, do in fact to some extent disarm cold and searching criticism," Mr. Charles Hiatt has subjected our famous actress to careful examination, and has presented his results in a volume called *Ellen Terry and her Impersonations* (Bell). It is a pleasing book, particularly so because Mr. Hiatt has illustrated it prodigally with extremely good portraits, upon which it is ever joy to look.

Perhaps the most interesting article in *Hazell's Annual* for 1899 (the fourteenth year of issue) is the account of France during the year just closing. To summarise succinctly so much in so small a space is no light achievement. Among the new biographies are those of Lord Kitchener, M. Dupuy, M. Declassé, Major Marchand, and Colonel Picquart. The Annual preserves its excellence very noticeably. We find, however, a number of errors in the Summary of Literature during 1898, which might easily have been obviated.

Mrs. Meynell's *Flower of the Mind* (Richards) makes a very comely re-appearance this season in vellum covers with sage-green ribbons.

Fiction.

Mr. and Mrs. Nevill Tyson. By May Sinclair.

(Blackwood. 3s. 6d.)

THIS is a fine novel. Some novels are fine because they are perfectly constructed; some because they are, in the Baconian sense, "full" books. This novel is fine because it is fresh, witty, subtle, and courageous. In its splashes of melodrama it concedes to the reader, who likes to be shaken up, something of art, but nothing of truth. We lay it down, liking it none the less for its faults. It is a story of the sinister developments of a love match. Mr. Tyson, at the time of his marriage, is thirty-six, clever, ambitious, fickle, sensual, and soiled by experience; Mrs. Tyson being under twenty, beautiful, unintellectual, altogether charming, the soul of indiscretion, and loyal unto death. The interesting pair scandalise county society, and the innocent woman is blamed; but Miss Sinclair is not deeply concerned with the attitude of the spectators. At hand she has a much more engrossing subject—namely, sensualism considered as the *incitamenta* egging a man on to victimise love, to pervert the values of life. Mr. Tyson has married a woman whose one thought is to please him; he calls her a fool, playfully, and a fool she is in that tragic sense which makes the authoress exclaim, by way of comment on the text, "Christ came into the world to save sinners": "Oh, Molly, Molly! what has He done for fools?" Certainly, this fool is not "saved." Because her beauty seemed to dwindle with nursing, Mr. Tyson obliged her to surrender her baby to someone who suffered it to die of neglect; and she lost her beauty, after all, in trying to save him from being burned to death. Then it was that Mr. Tyson's body and soul fought together, and Mrs. Tyson's soul "was struggling with its immortality." Mr. Tyson could not live with a marred face, could not conceal his repugnance to it, and Mrs. Tyson knew it. This was her tragedy, and his tragedy lay in the fact that his soul was filled with passionate tenderness for a woman whom his sensuality sternly, uncompromisingly rejected. We need go no further in the story: the end is here, whatever merciful tragic bustle may confuse our perception of it. Personally, we are not confused; and the book stands out in our mind with distinctness.

The subsidiary characters of Miss Sinclair's book are admirably drawn. Praise must be given to Mrs. Wilcox, Molly's loquacious mother, gifted with "rapt inconsequence," who remembered that there "were showers at your poor father's funeral, for my new *crêpe* was ruined"; Miss Batchelor, the great dame of the county, who was doomed to perpetual maidenhood on account of her cleverness; and Captain Stanistreet, who could "be faithful—to another man's wife," but remained a considerate gentleman even at passion's height. Stanistreet's passion for Molly is a thoughtful and delicate study. We will quote a passage concerning their intercourse, which shows the fine quality of Miss Sinclair's style:

A man lurched up against the side of the hansom; a coarse, swollen face flaming with drink was pressed to

the glass, close to her own. As she shrank back in horror . . . her face sought Stanistreet, the soft fringe of her hair brushed against his cheek. She had never been so near to him; never, in the abstraction of her terror, so far away.

This, too, is a fine piece of characterisation :

[Tyson] stopped before the chimney-piece; it was covered with ridiculous objects, the things that please a child: there were Swiss cow-bells and stags carved in wood, Chinese idols that wagged their heads, little images of performing cats. . . . "T-t-t-t! What affecting absurdity!" . . . He never, never forgot the expression of a certain brass porcupine that was somehow a pen-wiper; it seemed to belong to a world gone mad, where everything was something else, where porcupines were penwipers.

Nanno. By Rosa Mulholland.

(Grant Richards. 6s.)

ROSA MULHOLLAND (Lady Gilbert) has given us in *Nanno*, a *Daughter of the State*—to quote the full title—a pathetic idyll of the Irish soil.

The book is sad and sombre. As we read it we were reminded again and again of the art of J. F. Millet, and knew that herein, as in the pictures of that painter, is the work of a sincere and pitying mind.

Nanno's plot is of the simplest. In the beginning we see this daughter of the State returning with a child in her arms to the poorhouse where she

was born, and from which, a year ago, she had been turned into the world, an able-bodied servant of sixteen. For the girls to come back burdened as *Nanno* was burdened is only too common an experience; but *Nanno* had spirit, and she vowed herself to the struggle for an honest living. After encouragement from one of the worthiest priests in Irish fiction, *Nanno* walked south and found work on a farm. She was beautiful and modest, and before long the farmer began to look on her with favourable eyes. They became betrothed, and all went well. Lady Gilbert here shows us the very Irish soil and its tillers: her pages are sweet with the moist Irish air and musical with the Waterford brogue. But mischief is made, and *Nanno's* hopes are undone, and the book has a bitter close. It is miserably sad, just as life is so often miserably sad. But Lady Gilbert never forces the point, never adds sorrow violently. There is a natural sequence of events, and they are laid before us with fine skill and reticence. The book is a good book, quietly and most capably written, and more than written—felt.



ROSA MULHOLLAND.

Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

Love Among the Lions. By F. Anstey.

(Dent. 2s.)

No one can relate so poignantly as Mr. Anstey the woes of a commonplace young man in a fix. Leander Tweddle embarrassed by his Tinted Venus; Mr. Bultitude among the high-spirited young gentlemen at Dr. Grimstone's school; Mr. Clarion Blair, the poet, in the position of a veterinary surgeon in a country town—these examples will jump to mind at once. Mr. Anstey has dealt with all with marvellous fidelity to discomfort: so dexterously that we shiver and shudder too, even as the victims themselves. And now to this company of luckless men he adds Theodore Blenkinsop, tea-taster, whose misfortune it was to love Lurana de Castro, a young woman intent upon being married in a cage of lions at the World's Fair in the Agricultural Hall. How Mr. Blenkinsop did not want to be married in a lions' cage but pretended he did, and what griefs were his *en route* to the wedding, must be left to the reader to find out. The book is not Mr. Anstey at his best; but the agony is piled up most divertingly and the end is a most ingenious surprise. We recommend it for reading aloud.

Afterwards, and Other Stories. By Ian Maclaren.

(Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

A solid, stolid volume, of which the main intention is to be pathetic. Ian Maclaren's recipe for pathos is a simple one—a death-bed. Here are several extracts which show his manner of doing the thing. In every case save the last they mark the climax of a story; the last extract occurs at the first and lesser of two climaxes:

In the morning the Doctor was still sitting in his big chair, and Skye was fondly licking a hand that would never again caress him . . . ("Dr. Davidson's Last Christmas").

And Ross knew that Domsie had seen the Great Secret and was at last, and completely, satisfied ("The Passing of Domsie").

And the soul of the faithful servant was with the Lord, Whom, not having seen, he had loved ("Father Jinks").

The astonishment passed into joy, and the light thereof still touched and made beautiful his face as the probationer fell on sleep ("A Probationer").

Once he thanked the nurse for her attentions, and just before he passed away she caught the words "through much tribulation . . . enter the Kingdom . . . God" ("Righteous Overmuch").

She lay as she had died, waiting for his coming, and the smile with which she had said his name was still on her face ("Afterwards").

It will not, we imagine, be denied that these quotations disclose a certain monotony of means on the part of the author; and, indeed, his effects throughout the book are of a facile and obvious order. The most ambitious tales in the collection are "Afterwards" and "Father Jinks." As regards the first, we must admit that it makes a brazen appeal to the emotions. The very bravado of its unnaturalness and improbability has a superficial air of artistic courage; but not only does the importunate noise of it render it futile, it fails in another way: the hero, though Ian Maclaren does not seem to think so, is an unredeemed

cad, with whom one cannot for an instant sympathise. We fancy that "Father Jinks" was meant to be specially impressive; to our mind it suffers from a clumsy arrangement, and the culminating pathos is decidedly dragged in by the heels.

The book displays an aptitude for the short story form, and an outlook upon the world which is wide and tolerant (but rather self-consciously so). It does not, however, represent Ian Maclaren adequately.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's output of fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE ADVENTURERS. BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

This is the tale of treasure-trove with which Mr. Marriott Watson has been lending excitement to the pages of a boys' paper. It is dedicated prettily and punningly "Rosie Mundi." Some of the chapters are: "What Happened in the Castle," "The Finding of the Treasure," "We Take a Prisoner," "We Hold the Castle," "We Turn Highwaymen." The period is the present, and the heroes are boys. (Harper. 6s.)

THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS. BY F. R. STOCKTON.

In this work of elaborate nonsense Mr. Stockton pursues the vein of *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine*. It tells of a young couple who, objecting themselves to honeymoons, persuaded the bride's father and mother to spend it instead. Some peculiarly Stocktonian adventures result. (Harper. 6s.)

GÖSTA BERLING'S SAGA. BY SELINA LAGERLÖF.

This is the translation, by Lillie Tudeer, of a novel dealing with the fortunes of an unfrocked priest. The principal figure, after him, is the wife of Major Samzeius. She says to the unhappy Berling: "I am the Lady of the Manor at Ekeby and the most powerful woman in Värmland. If I lift a finger, the county police skip; if I lift two, the bishop does the same; if I lift three, I can make the archbishop and council and all the judges and land proprietors in Värmland dance polkas on Karlstad market-place. And yet I tell you, boy, I am nothing but a dressed-up corpse. God alone knows how little life there is in me!" (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

A WARD OF THE KING. BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

A romance of Languedoc. The heroine is ordered by the king to wed with Monsieur de Laval. "'I am to be the reward of the Count for some service he has rendered to his Majesty . . . is it not sad? There is to be no pleasant wooing like to that in Gillonne's ballad; I have no power to say No, as Yvonne did.' Rolland's face had grown very stern." Such is the germ of a very pleasant romance by this practised writer. (John Long. 6s.)

THE LADY OF CRISWOLD. BY LEONARD OUTRAM.

A young earl with £60,000 a year desires to marry, and perpetuate a family which has endured for twelve centuries. A first wife has died childless, and he is wooing a second when the story opens. We observe that she becomes insane. Hardly a pleasant story. (Greening. 2s. 6d.)

THE GORTCHEN. BY STAZEL DENE.

A tale of an Arran glen, full of difficult dialect. A marriage is thus described: "The aged minister, a real Highlander, had his doubts if he 'wass' doing right in making them join hands, but finally he concluded his remarks by saying: 'You two shall now be made wan beef'—beef and flesh being the same in Gaelic." (Digby, Long & Co. 3s. 6d.)

THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE. BY THE REV. P. A. SHEEHAN.

A story of strong Roman Catholic interest. The hero writes, towards the end: "I am writing these memories of a tempted soul in a little cell, facing the west. . . . It has but one ornament—the Christ of my dream—a huge black crucifix, and the white, stained figure of my Master." (Burns & Oates.)

THE BOHEMIAN GIRLS. BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

By the author of *Those Westerton Girls*, *Girls will be Girls*, *The Girls at the Grange*, and other novels. The principal Bohemian girls were Dinah and Mildred Wilde, and they smoked and betted and drank champagne and played billiards; and when the family crash came they went on the stage. After that, love affairs which occupy the reader until the end. (F. V. White. 6s.)

THE GATES OF TEMPTATION. BY MRS. A. S. BRADSHAW

This is described as a "natural novel." We open it and read: "'God forgive me if you are false to me!' Dorian exclaimed, as he gathered her in his arms and carried her to the Oriental lounge, and pillowed her head upon his breast. . . . It was useless her trying to remonstrate with him. He cast aside all arguments by taking her chin in his hand, and commanding her to kiss him." (Greening. 2s. 6d.)

THE BORDERLAND OF SOCIETY. BY CHARLES B. DAVIS.

Seven short stories, five of which have appeared in magazines. (Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.)

HIS COUNTERPART. BY RUSSELL M. GARNIER.

"An historical romance of the early years of John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough." The teller is Oliver Drake. "I was born exactly a year before Worcester fight, at Rougham, near Bury St. Edmunds. The same year was born cousin John, only right the other side of England, at Ash House, near Axminster, the seat of our common grandmother, Lady Drake." The two cousins were exactly alike: hence these pages, which are full of fight. (Harper. 6s.)

GAMBLES WITH DESTINY. BY GEORGE GRIFFITHS.

Five stories wherein "under other names, and under different conditions of nationality and circumstances, it is the same man—or, to be more correct, the same virile principle—which fights the battle with Destiny." The first story is called "Hellville, U.S.A." Sensation triple distilled. (F. V. White. 3s. 6d.)

THE AULD MEETIN'-HOOSE GREEN. BY A. M'ILROY.

More Kailyard. "Theology at the Lint Dam"; "The Divinity Student"; "A Minister and a Man"; "The Old Precentor 'Crosses the Bar'"; and so forth. A consecutive narrative runs through the book. It is sair pathetic. (McCaw & Co. 6s.)

THE MAZE OF LIFE. BY GEORGE NEWCOMEN.

Two stories in one: "The Career of Charlie Brownrigg" and "The Vanities of Jaspar West." Here is a sentence: "That there is no greater pleasure in life than waltzing upon a good floor, to good music, and with a partner whose step suits one exactly, will be unhesitatingly agreed to by all who have tried it." Question. (Bellairs. 3s. 6d. net.)

A NEAR THING. BY H. C. BENTLEY.

A collection of sensational stories. One is told by a horse. (F. V. White. 6s.)

MISCONCEPTION. BY MRS. FAURE WALKER.

A tranquil, readable novel concerning county families and well-bred people. The heroine misconceives the intention of a good old Colonel who comes to plead the cause of a younger man of weak character. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

The Academy.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

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The ACADEMY is published every Friday morning. Advertisements should reach the office not later than 4 p.m. on Thursday.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MSS. typewritten.

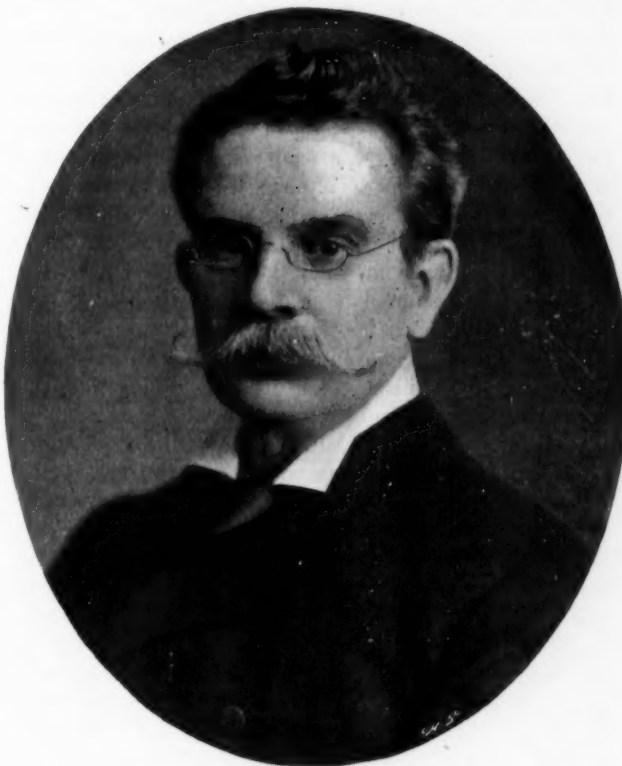
William Black.

By Justin McCarthy.

It was my good fortune to know the late William Black from the very beginning of his career in London. He became a member of the literary staff of the *Morning Star*, the daily newspaper which then represented the political, economical, and social views of Richard Cobden and John Bright. Black had but lately come up from Scotland to seek his fortune in London, and he made himself welcome to the *Morning Star* by his brilliant gifts as a writer. His inclination at that time seemed to be towards the writing of poetry, as his inclination had previously been towards the art of the painter. He wrote verses which had undoubtedly the true poetic touch and feeling in them; but his work on the *Morning Star* consisted chiefly of bright, descriptive prose. From the very first he showed a genuine skill and power in describing any scene that came before his eyes—a street crowd, a landscape, a picturesque ceremonial of any kind, anything that had in it either colour and movement, or colour and absolute stillness. We had an evening edition of our paper called the *Evening Star*, and in that every day we had a special column or two entitled "Readings by Starlight," and to those "Readings by Starlight" Black contributed many a sketch. His contributions were essays on all manner of subjects—bright, odd fantasies, pictorial studies of landscape and crowd, short stories, vivid little essays; everything that gave a chance to his love for the poetic and the picturesque. During the war between Prussia and Austria, in 1866, Black went out as special correspondent from the *Morning Star* to the Prussian Camp; and he did his work as a war correspondent well, as, indeed, he did everything well that he attempted; but it was not the kind of work that he would have chosen to do if absolutely left to himself, and I do not think he ever

became a special correspondent again. He gained something from his experience, however, which was of use to him in more than one of his novels; and the experience, with all its roughness and all its difficulties, must have been in a certain sense congenial with his tastes, for he had an inborn love for German scenery and German literature. He was a dreamer about Germany before he ever saw the Rhine. I think that through his whole literary career the scenery in which he most delighted after that of his own Scotland, and of the England which he made his home, was that of Germany and of Brittany.

When the *Morning Star* ceased to exist Black became attached to the editorial staff of the *Daily News*, and there



MR. WILLIAM BLACK.

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

I became once again a colleague of his, after I had been absent for a considerable time in the United States. Black, however, gave up journalism soon after my return to England. He had found his path in life as a writer of novels, and he held to that path and never showed the least desire to wander from it. I am not about to enter into any consideration of my dear old friend's place as an author of fiction. That has been settled long since. He opened a new chapter in novel writing, and his name will always be remembered when the literature of Queen Victoria's reign is called to mind. My desire is rather to say a few words about the man himself, during a friendship which lasted for more than thirty years. I have never met with a man who knew more thoroughly the kind of work which it best suited him to do. Rousseau has somewhere deplored the fact that so few men are able to make up their minds as to the value of this, that, and the other ambition of life to them, and to put away resolutely all that, in that sense,

was of no account to them. William Black was certainly one of those rare and happy men. His tastes were very varied: he loved painting and music and reading, as he loved yachting and shooting and travel. Although he took no part whatever in active political life, yet he had clear and decided political opinions, and was in thorough sympathy with many a good cause. But he did not allow anything to withdraw him from his own especial work in life; and, happily for him, even his love of the sea, and of the moors and travel, only helped him to accomplish his own peculiar purposes, and supplied him with ever new material for the exercise of his craft. He had no ambition whatever to shine in Society. His books, as everyone knows, were greatly admired by Queen Victoria; and there were many inducements to him to seek for a welcome in the very highest circles of English life. But Black had no social ambition of that kind to trouble his mind, and would not have crossed the street for the sake of having his name chronicled in the pages of a Society newspaper. Yet he was not in any sense whatever a self-centred or a lonely man. Nobody could have enjoyed pleasant company more than William Black did; he had as keen an appreciation of good fellowship as he had of mountain and of lake. He was a most charming host; and in his home—Paston House, Brighton—used to welcome gatherings of friends whose only qualification was to be bright and humorous and genial, and, above all things, not to be commonplace.

Black was not a great talker, although he could always say good things, and he loved to keep the talk going. Indeed, he impressed strangers by his habitual quietness and reserve; he did not care in the least to be lionised, and people who came obviously with the intention of transacting a literary conversation with him were apt to set him down as naturally shy and silent. He was, however, a capital talker, and he had a great variety of subjects. He had been about the world a good deal, and he never went anywhere without bringing something back which other travellers might have left wholly unnoticed. Whatever he felt, he felt deeply. I remember his reading out one night at my house, many years ago, the whole of Swinburne's poem, *Hesperia*, with a feeling and what I might call a dramatic form of expression, if it were not evidently altogether unstudied, which brought every shade of the poet's meaning to the heart and the intelligence of all his listeners, some of whom, before he began to read, were prejudiced against Swinburne, and could not believe there was anything in him that was not strained, overwrought, and unnatural. One thing I believe William Black could not do: he could not make a speech. At least, so he often told me and others, and I am sure he meant what he said; but somehow I think that if he had ever been forced by irresistible necessity to attempt an oration, he would have got out of the difficulty with some happy sentences destined to find a place in the memories of his listeners. He was, so far as I could see, perfectly unspoilt by his success, and those who can carry their recollections back to the days when *A Daughter of Heth* and the *Princess of Thule* made their appearance will know what a success that was which lighted up a literary career hitherto comparatively obscure.

Black thoroughly understood his own work and its value. As Thackeray says in the preface to *Pendennis*, "He could no more ignore his success than he could any other event of his life." But Black never over-rated the value of his own work; he never fell into the mistake, so common among other authors, of idealising what he had done and feeding himself with the delusion that he had attained perfection. He was a thoroughly modest worker; he did his very best, and he did it in his own way; but he was a keen observer of everything, even of his own work, and he was too conscientious an artist to indulge in self-conceit. Some of his literary friends used to say that he had a very easy time of it, for during a great part of his successful years it was his custom to write but two hours a day, and that not by any means on every day in the week. But then Black was working hard at his books before he put a pen to paper. He thought out his scenes and his characters, and their meetings and their talk (he had seldom much of a story to trouble himself with); he thought them out in the streets, in hansom cabs, on the deck of his yacht, in long walks by the sea; and when he sat down to his desk he had only, as he told me himself more than once, to copy out what was already written down in his mind. Black's friends have gone, some of them, very different ways since those far-off days when he wrote for the *Morning Star*: some have stuck to journalism and done nothing else and grown prosperous, and some have stuck to journalism and have not prospered, and some have become successful painters, and some have gone into politics and have almost lost touch of the delightful literary life, and one at least has become a supreme authority on finance, although in no wise personally associated with companies or speculations of any kind; but one thing in common I think I can positively affirm of all Black's early friends, and that is, they all remained his friends up to the very last.

Favourite Books of 1898.

Second Article.

LAST week we printed a large number of replies from well-known men and women, wherein they named the two books which during the past year they had read with most pleasure and interest. Several answers which have been received since then are given below. Mr. Henry Norman's, we might point out, was posted in time for our last issue, but miscarried in the post.

MISS ELLEN TERRY:

The Forest Lovers.

G. B. Shaw's *Plays*.

LORD GRIMTHORPE:

Dean Merivale's Autobiography.

The Life of Edward Thring.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON:

Anatole France's *Le Mannequin d'Opier*

Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

Sir FRANCIS JEUNE :

Mahan's *Life of Nelson*.
Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*.
Bismarck: The Man, and the Statesman.

Mr. GEORGE SAINTSBURY :

Poesias del Arcipreste de Hita.
The Works of Bishop Hurd.

Prof. DOWDEN :

Wyndham's *Poems of Shakespeare*.
Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare*.

Admiral Sir NOWELL SALMON :

Duncan's *Penelope in Scotland*.
Jacobs's *Many Cargoes*.

Mr. HENRY NORMAN :

Busch's *Bismarck*.
Bismarck: The Man and the Statesman.

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL :

Aylwin and Life is Life; but I should like also to mention, if it is allowable, *The Forest Lovers* and *Mord Em'ly*.

Mr. JONATHAN HUTCHINSON :

The Home University. Vol. I.
The Encyclopædia Britannica.

Mr. R. S. HICHENS :

I am very sorry that I can't answer your question, as I cannot decide offhand; but I think I may mention *Evelyn Innes*, by George Moore, as a book that I read with exceptional interest.

Mr. J. M. DENT :

In fiction the books I enjoyed most were *A Monk of Fife*, by Andrew Lang, and *The Forest Lovers*, by Maurice Hewlett. Of old books, perhaps, More's *Utopia*, which I have read again with great pleasure.

Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD :

I am sorry to say that I have not had time this year to read two books. I have read one by an old friend—Charles Reade—*The Cloister and the Hearth* (for the first time), and it would be an impertinence for me to express an opinion about an acknowledged masterpiece.

Mr. J. E. MUDDOCK :

Robertson's *Chitral*.
Wilkins's *Life of Lady Burton*.

Sir W. D. HOOKER :

Bodley's *France*.
Some new and revised chapters in Spencer's *Principles of Biology*.

Mr. PETT RIDGE :

I have read many books this year which have interested and pleased me. If I may select but two, then: *Children of the Mist*, by Eden Phillpotts; *American Wives and English Husbands*, by Gertrude Atherton.

Mr. ROBERT BRIDGES :

I have been away from home, and have only now received your post-card and request about the "two books." I hope that you will not consider my failure to reply as any disrespect to your wish or as implying a lack of desire to oblige you; but the fact is, that I keep no record of works that I have read, and I am quite unable to remember sufficiently well to be sure of my answer. Besides this, I should not like to state publicly that I have been most interested in such and such books, because such a statement might be interpreted as preferring them to other better books of the year which I might happen not to have seen. If I knew that I had read sufficiently the best books of the year it would be another matter, but I read very little "literature," and it is quite chance what I do read.

Mr. Stephen Crane.

An Appreciation.

WHAT Mr. Crane has got to do is very simple: he must not mix reporting with his writing. To other artists the word must often be passed: rest, work at your art, live more; but Mr. Crane has no need of cultivating his technique, no need of resting, no need of searching wide for experiences. In his art he is unique. Its certainty, its justness, its peculiar perfection of power arrived at its birth, or at least at that precise moment in its life when other artists—and great artists too—were preparing themselves for the long and difficult conquest of their art. I cannot remember a parallel case in the literary history of fiction. Maupassant, Meredith, Mr. James, Mr. Howells, Tolstoi, all were learning their expression at the age where Mr. Crane had achieved his, achieved it triumphantly. Mr. Crane has no need to learn anything. His technique is absolutely his own, and by its innate laws of being has arrived at a perfect fulness of power. What he has not got he has no power of acquiring. He has no need to acquire it. To say to Mr. Crane, "You are too much anything, or too little anything; you need concentration, or depth, subtlety, or restraint," would be absurd; his art is always just in itself, rhythmical, self-poising as is the art of a perfect dancer. There are no false steps, no excesses. And, of course, his art is strictly limited. We would define him by saying he is the perfect artist and interpreter of the surfaces of life. And that explains why he so swiftly attained his peculiar power, what is the realm his art commands, and where his limitations come in.

Take "George's Mother," for example—a tale which I believe he wrote at the ridiculous age of twenty-one. In *method* it is a masterpiece. It is a story dealing

simply with the relations between an old woman and her son, who live together in a New York tenement block. An ordinary artist would seek to dive into the mind of the old woman, to follow its workings hidden under the deceitful appearances of things, under the pressure of her surroundings. A great artist would so recreate her life that its griefs and joys became significant of the griefs and joys of all motherhood on earth. But Mr. Crane does neither. He simply reproduces the surfaces of the individual life in so marvellous a way that the manner in which the old woman washes up the crockery, for example, gives us her. To dive into the hidden life is, of course, for the artist a great temptation and a great danger—the values of the picture speedily get wrong, and the artist, seeking to interpret life, departs from the truth of nature. The rare thing about Mr. Crane's art is that he keeps closer to the surface than any living writer, and, like the great portrait-painters, to a great extent makes the surface betray the depths. But, of course, the written word in the



MR. STEPHEN CRANE.
From a Photograph by Shaw & Co.

hands of the greatest artist often deals directly with the depths, plunges us into the rich depths of consciousness that cannot be more than hinted at by the surface; and it is precisely here that Mr. Crane's natural limitation must come in. At the supreme height of art the great masters so plough up the depths of life that the astonished spectator loses sight of the individual life altogether, and has the entrancing sense that all life is really one and the same thing, and is there manifesting itself before him. He feels that, for example, when he watches *Dusé* at her best, or when he stands before Da Vinci's "*La Joconda*" in the Louvre and is absorbed by it. I do not think that Mr. Crane is ever great in the sense of so fusing all the riches of the consciousness into a whole, that the reader is struck dumb as by an inevitable revelation; but he is undoubtedly such an interpreter of the significant surface of things that in a few swift strokes he gives us an amazing insight into what the individual life is. And he does it all straight from the surface; a few oaths, a genius for slang, an

exquisite and unique faculty of exposing an individual scene by an odd simile, a power of interpreting a face or an action, a keen realising of the primitive emotions—that is Mr. Crane's talent. In "*The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky*," for example, the art is simply immense. There is a page and a half of conversation at the end of this short story of seventeen pages which, as a dialogue revealing the whole inside of the situation, is a lesson to any artist living. And the last line of this story, by the gift peculiar to the author of using some odd simile which cunningly condenses the feeling of the situation, defies analysis altogether. Foolish people may call Mr. Crane a reporter of genius; but nothing could be more untrue. He is thrown away as a picturesque reporter: a secondary style of art, of which, let us say, Mr. G. W. Stevens is, perhaps, the ablest exponent to-day, and which is the heavy clay of Mr. Kipling's talent. Mr. Crane's technique is far superior to Mr. Kipling's, but he does not experiment ambitiously in various styles and develop in new directions, as Mr. Kipling has done. I do not think that Mr. Crane will or can develop further. Again, I do not think that he has the building faculty, or that he will ever do better in constructing a perfect whole out of many parts than he has arrived at in *The Red Badge of Courage*. That book was a series of episodic scenes, all melting naturally into one another and forming a just whole; but it was not constructed, in any sense of the word. And, further, Mr. Crane does not show any faculty of taking his characters and revealing in them deep mysterious worlds of human nature, of developing fresh riches in them acting under the pressure of circumstance. His imaginative analysis of his own nature on a battlefield is, of course, the one exception. And similarly the great artist's arrangement of complex effects, striking contrasts, exquisite grouping of devices, is lacking in him. His art does not include the necessity for complex arrangements; his sure instinct tells him never to quit the passing moment of life, to hold fast by simple situations, to reproduce the episodic, fragmentary nature of life in such artistic sequence that it stands in place of the architectural masses and co-ordinated structures of the great artists. He is the chief impressionist of this age, as Sterne was the great impressionist, in a different manner, of his age. If he fails in anything he undertakes, it will be through abandoning the style he has invented. He may, perhaps, fail by and by, through using up the picturesque phases of the environment that nurtured him, as Swinburne came to a stop directly he had rung the changes a certain number of times on the fresh rhythms and phrases he created. But that time is not yet, and every artist of a special unique faculty has that prospect before him. Mr. Crane's talent is unique; nobody can question that. America may well be proud of him, for he has just that perfect mastery of form which artists of the Latin races often produce, but the Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon races very rarely. And undoubtedly of the young school of American artists Mr. Crane is the genius—the others have their talents.

EDWARD GARNETT.

The Contributors' Playground.

For Toothache.

I HAVE had the toothache. What shall a man read in that cruel, preposterous distress, or, rather, what shall be read to him by the one person whose presence and voice he can then endure? My experience is here placed at the service of my fellow-martyrs.

We began with Cowper's *Letters*. My mind ceased to dwell upon the frenzied fang, and heard, above the audible throbs of its nerves, the melody of that stream of clear English. But the poet touched upon his tragedy, and the charm was broken. I could no more of him. The terrors of human nature and of the toothache descended upon me in arrowy flights. The forked agony wriggled like a vinegar-eel. . . . "Let us try Lamb," said my companion. I groaned an assent. O Elia, I was satiated of you in ten minutes! To use your own words, I was "all over sophisticated," as I always am in acute pain, and to my distraught mind you seemed so too. Not in my heart was the disloyalty, but in my tortured jaw. . . . "Read me some *Don Quixote*," I begged. But the Hildalgo diverted me not. The arid Manchegan plain; villages silent in sunshine; sudden horsemen upon sharp horizons; courage and gentlemanhood and high-wrought madness and the poignant pathos of "the day that is dead"—all were lost upon an apprehension clogged by the weight of a mortal tooth!

I rose in despair. The solicitude of kind eyes followed my movements. "I shall read you Scott," said the voice of comfort. "You will grow worse if you rampage about; sit down quietly, and we'll read dear old Scott." *Ivanhoe* was taken up, and opened at the first chapter. In the course of a paragraph or two my spirits lightened. Here was no style, thank God, but the tramp of heavy-footed sentences that carried homely meanings. Here was no excruciating delicacy of soul, but bluff virility, bronzed and wind-blown; and behind the careless word and the strength there was the infinite fluent mind, at once the giver of life and the mirror of it, whose sanity braced my nerves like the sting of brine.

Page after page was turned; I listened passively, actively, joyfully. In an hour and a half I was so refreshed that I no longer dreaded the night, and my tooth was nothing but a present memory. So was I blessed with the blessing of Walter Scott, whom blessing follows for ever. But it was reserved for me to discover that he is a cure for the toothache. S.

"The Flour of Cities All."

So London was called by William Dunbar in the fifteenth century. In the seventeenth James Howell essayed to justify the title. I have been browsing on the passage in his *Eondinopolis* (1657). City by city he calls up the cities of Europe, calls them up and condemns them to do obeisance to London. Constantinople first. Her houses are but "cottage-like" compared with London's, and although her situation "upon the most levant point of Europe" is splendid, she "may be called but a nest or banner of slaves." Rome is like "a tall man shrunk

into the skin of a *Pygmy*." Milan, 'tis true, "may pretend much for her dome," but in "ubiquitary traffique" where stands she? Venice, thinks Howell, though she have the sea for her husband, has no more interest in it than London. And, "while Venice is steeping and pickling in *Salt-Water*, London sports her self upon the banks of a fresh stately River, which brings into her bosom all the *Spices* of the *East*," &c. Naples is too hot, for there the sun "doth as it were broyl the *Neapolitan*," whereas he doth "with the gentle reverberations of his rayes but guild the Walls of *London*." The cities of Spain do not detain our author long. "Touching *Copenhagen* in *Denmark*, and *Stockholm* in *Switzerland*, they come far short." Even *Mosco* is but a "huge woodden City environ'd about with a treble wall," and far beneath London.

Amsterdam gives our author some judicial qualms. But he boasts: "In point of wealth Amsterdam comes short of *London*, for when Sir *Ralph Freeman* was Lord Mayor, it was found out by more than a probable conjecture that He, with the 24 Aldermen, his Brethren, might have bought the estates of one hundred of the richest Bourgemasters in *Amsterdam*." Paris is also formidable, but the Londoner is not to be dazzled by "the advantage of an *Orbicular* figure," for "by the judgment of those Mathematicians, who have observed both Cities, if *London* were cast into a Circle, she would with all her dimensions, be altogether as big as Paris." Finally, our boaster sums up the glories of London under twenty headings, and pours out a torrent of words, images, and facts in which the cities of the world are overwhelmed and obscured. London, he says, has need of them, but no fear. "London by her Navigations findes them out; . . . What goodly vessels doth she send forth, to crosse the Line to the *East Indies*, to *Italy*, and the bottom of the *Streights*, the *Turks* Dominions; as also to the *Baltick* Sea, how she flyes ore the vast *white* Ocean, to *Muscovy*, and to hunt the great *Leviathan* in *Greenland*."

W.

Some Younger Reputations.

Mr. Allan Monkhouse.

FOUR years ago Mr. Allan Monkhouse published a volume of literary criticism, entitled *Books and Plays*, which showed a sympathetic comprehension of its subjects and a most delicate discrimination. Some of these essays had appeared in a Manchester review, and one learnt that the author was a lawyer practising in that city. Within the last few weeks has been issued *A Deliverance*, a novel. These two books constitute, we believe, the sum of Mr. Monkhouse's output.

When you have read the opening chapters of the novel you will not be surprised to find that *George Meredith* is the title of one of the literary essays, and *Ivan Turgenev* of another. Mr. Monkhouse's constructive methods are without doubt, consciously or unconsciously, formed upon the matchless technique of Turgenev, while he usually seeks to illuminate his characters by means of thought-laden dialogue in the style of Meredith. On the whole, we should say that he was more successful in the broad

lines of construction than in his conversations, though the latter are good, and frequently even brilliant. *A Deliverance* has been praised for many things; in our view its chief claim to distinction is the beauty of its building, the nice manner in which effects are accumulated towards a series of crises. It breathes the very spirit of Turgenev. Many times in reading it we have been reminded of *On the Eve*, that miracle of the novelist's art. We do not wish to imply that *A Deliverance* is in the least miraculous. *A Deliverance* is a beginner's beginning. Nevertheless it is also a distinct accomplishment, and the quietude, the sanity, the delicacy, and the justness of it call for recognition. Balance, rather than strength, is its chief characteristic. It has insight—but in flashes. Chapter xxxiii., for instance, is a piece of pure insight, and that pettish answer of Ursula's to her dying lover, "Well, I see it—I see it," stays in the memory.

We are capable of being so illogical as to find fault with *A Deliverance*, because it is not something entirely different from itself. Here is Mr. Monkhouse in the midst of all the psychological problems which a manufacturing and business centre cannot fail to present to the novelist, and he carefully ignores them in order to deal with two people whose instincts were cosmopolitan, and who lived in a Manchester suburb like "philosophers at a barbarian court." Neither Ursula nor Searle is typical of Manchester. In this book Manchester receives its usual share of dispraise. Mr. Monkhouse is an artist: why should he not cast upon his city the artist's eye, and discern for us, beneath the outward envelope of its ugliness, that beauty of pathetic endeavour, that large romance of the alchemy of manufacture, which are meekly waiting to be discovered in our despised industrial provinces?

That Mr. Monkhouse could deal admirably with Manchester itself there are signs enough in this his first novel. We shall await the second one not without impatience.

Mr. Bernard Capes.

MR. CAPES has written so little and so variously that the time is not yet come for defining him. He is of the future. These are his chief productions, all fiction: *The Mill of Silence*, *The Lake of Wine*, *The Adventures of the Comte de la Muette* (of course, he could not keep off the French Revolution), and *The Mysterious Singer*. The last is by way of being a shilling shocker; we mention it because it happens to be a little book of subtle promise.

It is distinctly to the credit both of the critics and of the public that *The Lake of Wine* should have made even a small noise in the world. For the book is not of a nature to startle. A story of adventure and a story of character, it might have been held, in the general esteem, to fall between two stools. The real excitement of it does not begin till the discovery of the corpse of Whimple's mother, when only a third of the narrative is to run; and the characterisation is so delicately touched, so original, and so scornful of the inelastic conventions of the reigning school of quasi-historical fiction, that one could not have been surprised if the cleverness of it had escaped notice. As regards this book, though its movement, at any rate in

the last few chapters, is brisk and thrilling enough, we think that the character-drawing certainly constitutes its chief merit. If you will consider Mr. Tuke and Sir David Blythewood, you cannot fail to perceive that in their persons a very determined and successful attempt has been made to grapple with the psychology of the Regency. These men are intimately of their period; by the mere aspect of them, without further information, one would know that they belonged to that period. And as for the women, Betty Pollack and Sir David's sister Angela, they shine and shimmer with exquisite individuality—a sharp contrast to the monotonous, simpering, pretty crowd of Georgian wenches that trip through other novels of this particular era. So far Mr. Capes is to be congratulated. Others have congratulated him upon his style. For ourselves we cannot join

in the laudation. Mr. Capes's style might deceive the unwary and the indiscriminating by mere force of pretentiousness, but an examination of it will prove that it is tortured, affected, and, above all, uneasily self-conscious. The intentions are doubtless excellent, but the results are worrying and fall short of distinction. We have a dreadful suspicion that Mr. Capes has been indiscreet enough to



MR. BERNARD CAPES.
Photo. by A. Ellis.

sit at the feet of Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson. Mr. Watson's style is all right in the hands of Mr. Watson, but in the hands of Mr. Capes it is scarcely a success. Moreover, Mr. Capes is not nice about details. He is capable of words like "disassociate," he will use a past participle for a past tense, and he has contrived some of the most excruciating examples of the split infinitive that we have ever encountered.

To turn for a moment to *The Mysterious Singer*. Probably Mr. Capes would be the last person to ask us to take this work seriously. It has facile facetiousness and other things necessary to the railway novel. Nevertheless, we could wish that the author, having got the central situation of *The Mysterious Singer*, had either treated it with absolute respect, or saved it for another and a different book. For this central situation is unmistakably fine, and the handling of it, though hasty and loose, shows a rare brutal strength. "Brutal" is the correct word for this story. But it grips you, with its heedless, straight-going realism. You are not likely to forget the fate of Elma, the servant-maid. It is a very modern tale, and if Mr. Capes had elaborated it as far as he has elaborated *The Lake of Wine*, it would have made a sensation.

Mr. Capes's talent is worthy of the most careful cultivation, and it behoves him to nurse such renown as he has already obtained.

Early Dead

Ada Smith (1875-1898): In Memoriam.

ADA SMITH was born at Haltwhistle, a hard-featured village from which a bare land runs up to the bleak escarpments that carry the ruined line of the Roman wall. She began early to write verse, and published at thirteen, having acquired very easily a versification of noticeable grace, smoothness, and cadence. She spent some years abroad, chiefly at Vienna, and went about with adventurous and observant audacity. Her idea was that she must not only study life as it met her, but seek it out in the hope of writing novels in the coming time. At this period some of her work found its way into the hands of the present writer. It had too many words and not enough pauses, and there was much feigning of the Heinesque. Without being quite able to see what she might arrive at, one felt she must go on.

She returned from Vienna last year with the feeling that she was at last equipped for London, and that the great adventure should not be delayed. She attempted London at the age of twenty-two with a nerve wilful and steady. She did not fail. Her verses began to be accepted, and her work matured rapidly. She did typewriting, and it must have been hateful. She must have been thinking all the more of Blanchland Common and its wide, cool, purple silences, when she wrote in the *Quartier Latin* the lyric "In City Streets," which was reprinted in the ACADEMY. But the reality of the verses is better felt now:

IN CITY STREETS, 1898.

Yonder in the heather there's a bed for sleeping,
 Drink for one athirst, ripe blackberries to eat;
 Yonder in the sun the merry hares go leaping,
 And the pool is clear for travel-wearied feet.
 Sorely throb my feet, a-tramping London highways,
 (Ah! the springy moss upon a northern moor!)
 Through the endless streets, the gloomy squares and byways,
 Homeless in the City, poor among the poor!
 London streets are gold—ah, give me leaves a-glinting
 'Midst grey dykes and hedges in the autumn sun!
 London water's wine, poured out for all unstinting—
 God! For the little brooks that tumble as they run!
 Oh, my heart is fain to hear the soft wind blowing,
 Soughing through the fir-tops up on northern fells!
 Oh, my eye's an ache to see the brown burns flowing
 Through the peaty soil and tinkling heather-bells.

The bed for sleeping was nearer than she thought, and not very far from her moors. Her constitution had suddenly begun to give way in the summer. A long holiday upon the Northumbrian coast made her better, but not well. She ought not to have gone back to typewriting in the City, but she would and did. A couple of months ago she had to return to the North for the last time, quite broken-down. Her illness ultimately developed in the gravest way, and then advanced with frightful rapidity. She died at Newcastle-on-Tyne upon the Wednesday night of last week.

Since then there have been found among her papers things which show a strange premonition and an extremely remarkable development of mind and faculty. None of

them is right in every word, but they affront you with snatches of fine things again and again. There are songs of the roadside, of the sea, of March; there are craving and foreboding songs, many sad, but few unhappy. Some of them are a brave—nay, a gay—wooing with death. This is from stanzas which must have been among the last, and are significantly headed "Finale":

Little you dreamed, O eager and delicate brain,
 O delicate heart and deep,
 That life which drove you mad with creative pain
 In the end would heap
 Pansies above you . . .

Turning over the typewritten sheets, one stays again at the opening of a song called "The Return":

O what have you done with your lost delights,
 Your fragrant days and fire-hearted nights,
 Your dreaming hollows and moon-drenched heights,
 And wild song throbbing?

Ah sweet, but delight is a fugitive thing,
 A radiant bird with a restless wing,
 And it's I who am left by my lone to sing,
 That am nearer sobbing.

This is the opening of "March":

O sick for March month am I,
 Sick for the free, fresh weather,
 Bare boughs tossed on a sapphire sky,
 Brown brooks singing together,
 O sick for March month am I.

If any ought to be shown in full, they are the two called "The Earth-Lover" and "The Messenger":

THE EARTH-LOVER.

O ultimate fingers of oblivion,
 Press heavily at the last upon my eyes.
 For they have loved so well the light of the sun,
 Flowing waters and flashing skies,
 That though the turf weave thick its green and dew,
 Vision insatiate shall pierce it through.
 O sweet dust, passionless and prodigal,
 Fill up my sounding tympanus with your peace,
 For they went mad so long ago with the call,
 Weary and fierce, of the shaken seas,
 That one wild plover's note through the deaf sod
 Would cry my soul awake from dreams of God!
 Constrain me close, O Earth, in thy dim house,
 Draw bolts on sight and sound, make strong all bars;
 For O when April days with the world carouse,
 Drunk with sunlight and dumb with stars,
 Should once the south-west wind blow past death's door,
 My sapless heart would leap and live once more!

THE MESSENGER.

O sweetheart Spring, who fires the world
 To splendour, points the swallow's wing,
 And lures the delicate sweetness curled
 At April's core to burgeoning,
 Laugh low, step low, on passing by
 My desolate threshold, circled o'er
 By calling swifts; laugh low, nor cry
 Thy jubilant challenge through the door!
 Flit past in silence, for mine ear
 Is tense and strained with will to catch
 Mute footfalls from another sphere,
 Celestial fingers on the latch!

Flash on, O sun-sweet countenance!
Through tear-dulled eyes I seek to trace
Upon the bare bright wall's expanse
Another face! another face!

One did not anticipate at all that Ada Smith would die early. One had been so used to think of what she might have been, had counted time so confidently for her, that her death, removing but what she was, could scarcely change the habit of speculating upon her future.

Ada Smith would have liked to be buried out on Blanchland Common, but since that could not be, she wished her grave to be in the old and silent churchyard of St. John Lee. The churchyard of St. John Lee is a grave little solitude deeply withdrawn upon a hill where the steeple of the small old church just points above the trees. Far below the Tyne draws the cold glimpses of its curves through the vista of leafless trunks and branches. Away over the valley the opposite hills move across the view with long slow modulations, a subtle rhythm. They seem at once close and shadowy, explicit and mysterious, gradual and absolute. You know those hills. They come upon you unawares and you shall be subject to them always. You ache with their peacefulness; you are exasperated by their extreme simplicity: their moderation makes you despair; their spell is unreasonable, inexorable, and so you also would like to be buried among them. The road winds upwards from Tyne Bridge between high banks and under an antique guard of vast beeches, and the wall near the churchyard-gate is padded with long mosses. The day she was buried—last Saturday—was just such a day as would have made her laugh and walk twenty miles with you. She was free of the Northern moors from childhood, and able to endure being much alone with them in the joy of the solitude that is accepted, not compelled. Her stanzas were a little morbid from the first, not with weakness, but with excess of desire for action. It was the discontent of a vitality craving for scope and fretting against restriction.

Looking along three shelves of latter-day lyrics, one cannot see anything with quite the same promise of a nature poet that Ada Smith gave. The Heinesque note, which was her form of the imitative, would not have detained her long. Her most vivid and vital verses were like things plucked up out of soft earth with the moist soil still clinging to their roots.

J. L. G.

Things Seen.

A Conflict.

THE offertory had just been collected, and the impetuous choir were shaking the unstable gallery, as they jumped to snatch their caps from the pews.

The rector, a patriarch of seventy-four, one part priest and three parts agriculturist, stood by the worm-eaten vestment-chest with a group of "gentry" by his side.

"Yes, yes, yes," he said, with habitual, interpolative sniffs of emphasis, waving feebly towards the altar, heaped for the Harvest Festival after the manner of a

fruiterer's shop, "it is thus the Lord's temple should be decked!"

Stepping forward, he seized excitedly a gigantic apple from a pile upon the holy table. "Look at this, now!" he cried exultantly. "Here's a specimen! What do you think of that? A 'Cox's Pomona'! I distinguished it from the pulpit. It's from Mrs. Cotton's garden. Now, if I could only grow——!" He paused, reflected, replaced the fruit, smoothed out his surplice, sighed, and resumed: "Yes; it is thus, indeed, that the Lord's temple should be decked." Then, with a sudden return to animation: "But, Mrs. Cotton, *could* you—*would* you—ask your man to let me have a graft?"

The Beard.

THE occupants of the corner seats at the further end of my third class compartment of the District Railway carriage were strangers. The old man was neatly brushed and mended, and his remarkably large and fine white beard was beautifully groomed and tended. The old lady was all in stained and dingy black, with ragged passementerie in casual places; her bonnet seemed a valued antique, which it was her care to keep safely under her pillow of nights, and a shabby veil was looped up on the bridge of her nose to allow more freedom in the enjoyment of the pear she was eating. She wore black gloves with a terminal pouch of empty kid at each finger end, of a slatey blue, indicating that juicy pears came frequently their way. She was an ungraceful spectacle, and the face above the beard reflected the fact.

People got into the carriage, and one and all paid homage with their eyes to the wonderful white fleece below the old man's chin. He acknowledged their tributes by a passing downward glance of approval himself.

The old lady continued to relish her pear audibly. She had spread her handkerchief in her lap in case of emergency, for the fruit was over-ripe and luscious, and she was now chin deep in her enterprise. Moreover, the leather flap on each finger made dainty handling of the fruit difficult. Sometimes these got into her mouth, and for some time she munched a corner of her veil with satisfaction. Her *vis-à-vis* stirred slightly in his seat and smoothed his beard with the palm of his hand.

At length the meal was over. There remained in the old lady's hand nothing but a bit of stalk and the syrupy, fibrous core. She retained this in a momentary indecision, and then gave a hasty flip of her wrist in the direction of the six-inch opening at the top of the window, and shot the sticky remnant deep into the thick of the white beard opposite.

Rebuke.

A CHILL, dark, autumnal morning. A breakfast-table with an overcrowded tribe of clamorous children. A worried mother, and an irritable father muttering something about "No decent elbow-room." A small child uplifts solemn eyes from his plate and says: "Hadrn't one of us better die?"

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE career of William Black, more fully treated elsewhere by the hand of a friend, may be made the subject of a passing allusion under this heading. The author of books that smelt of heather, and spoke of yachting in words that made every page into a sail, ended his life after the somewhat stifling fashion of a man who has never set foot outside a city. Otherwise his career had no contradictions. To him the expected always happened. His art studies of early life gave him his training as an observer of landscape for his books, and it had its sequel, too, in his appearance as an art critic for several years on the Press-day at the Royal Academy. Be sure that he praised the Scotsmen—he called them Scotchmen, by the way—and most of all John Pettie, who painted him once as a sort of knight—a very good portrait too. His close resemblance to a publisher, Mr. Andrew Tuer, sometimes caused amusing confusions. Both were members of the Society of Authors, and at one of their banquets Mr. Black called across to his double, "Hallo! How am I?" This art criticism of his was perhaps the quickest ever written, and he boasted that he beat the record at the office of the *Daily News* in the speed with which he could turn out a "leader." Mr. Black had a great wish to write good verses, but the *Rhymes of a Deerstalker* seem to have passed already to oblivion, if one may judge from the general omission of any mention of them in the daily papers. He used to be a familiar figure at the Reform Club, where he lunched almost daily with George Augustus Sala, James Payn, Sir John Robinson, and Sir Wemyss Reid. His last appearance at the club was when it was pretty well deserted—in the August of this year—and on that occasion his companions at lunch were the two survivors of the original group, Sir John Robinson and Sir Wemyss Reid.

MR. BLACK published with Messrs. Sampson Low & Marston, and his connexion with that firm was both

I return the book, having made another—I think the fifteenth—effort to rectify it to the semblance of the original MS., which was accurate enough. But when I write 'her', and Toller's people change that to 'for', and Clow's people boldly plunge in with a 'from', it is not so easy.

FACSIMILE OF PORTION OF A LETTER FROM THE LATE WILLIAM BLACK TO HIS PUBLISHER, MR. MARSTON.

long and pleasant. With few exceptions—for Mr. Black had written little in the last few years—all his

novels were issued in the old three-volume form; and we have authority for saying that the most popular of them were *A Daughter of Heth* and *A Princess of Thule*. Mr. Black's MSS. were "capital copy"; he was, indeed, the type of an orderly, industrious, and successful literary man. His profits were handsome, but he worked hard for them. The letter reproduced here in facsimile was addressed last July to Mr. Marston; it relates to Mr. Black's last story, *Wild Eileen*. The novel had appeared, as a serial, in a provincial paper, and, consequently, Mr. Marston's printers had received as their copy, not the original MS., but cuttings of the story from the newspaper. Mr. Black's remarks apply to the proof which he finally returned to his publishers.

UNPUBLISHED letters of Abraham Lincoln's are rare now. By the kindness of a correspondent we are able to print an interesting little note which "Old Abe" wrote in 1859

Springfield, Ill. Oct. 21, 1859
Hon. Thurlow Weed,
Dear Sir,
Your dispatch to Mr. Jewett, has been forwarded to me by him. Your object in regard to the book to Albany is not satisfactory, but I presume it is to make a few changes, or give counsel. I would be glad to see the book, but I can not, without great inconvenience, spare the time. One copy has been sent, and my loving regards, and my young sons attend to them.
Yours very truly,
A. Lincoln.

FACSIMILE OF LETTER ADDRESSED BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN TO THE HON. THURLOW WEED.

to the Hon. Thurlow Weed, who was then a political power in the States. The above facsimile is almost half the size of the original. It will be seen that the letter was written by Lincoln in his own home in Springfield, Illinois, a year before he was elected President.

THOUGH Mr. Vesey Knox has already applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, the election of his successor in the representation of Derry will not take place until February, at the earliest. There is no truth in the report that Sir Thomas Lipton will be the Liberal candidate; but when the real candidate's name is announced it will show, unless rumour lies, that the electors have chosen a particularly strong man, whose accession to Parliament will be welcomed by men of all parties.

MEN'S "favourite recreations" are somewhat stereotyped, if one may judge by the rather formal entries made in *Who's Who*. But Mr. Napier Hemy, A.R.A., has achieved a measure of originality when he confesses his dearest amusement to consist in "fighting the Falmouth Rector's Rate."

ARABI, the Egyptian, has been, from his Cingalese retirement, an extremely interested observer of recent events in the Soudan. But he has aged a good deal of late, to

judge by photographs sent over to his English friends, and he has finally abandoned any hope he ever had of taking a prominent part in the government of his native land. The little pamphlet on *Arabi and His Household*, by the way, was written in 1882 by Lady Gregory, wife of the able Governor of Ceylon, and not by Lady Welby-Gregory, whose husband has just been laid to rest in Lincolnshire. Arabi's favourite daughter is called "Bushra" (good tidings), a name which places her birth on the very day when "the three colonels" (of whom her father was one) were released from prison in the period of ministerial jealousies preceding the "rebellion" that led to the bombardment of Alexandria. London might be even more electrified than it was on Wednesday morning if rival ministers—and especially rival ex-ministers—had the authority to thrust each other into prison.

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON has done good service by impaling in the columns of the *Times* the transparent Browning-Beaconsfield story told with reiterated emphasis by Canon MacColl. Lord George has done what we did three weeks ago—he has looked at Lord Beaconsfield's own words at the Academy banquet. Nothing Lord Beaconsfield said in his speech justifies the account of it given by the Canon in order to make a contrast between what Lord Beaconsfield said in public to the Academy guests and what Canon MacColl says Mr. Browning said Lord Beaconsfield said in private conversation afterwards. The alleged discrepancy does not need to be explained away. It simply does not exist. How long are we to go on saying that Lord Beaconsfield's memory ought not longer to be left an easy prey to the irresponsible story-teller?

LADY CURZON, of Kedleston, who is far from being robust, was advised by her doctor that the journey overland to Marseilles might be dangerous for her. She proceeded by sea to Marseilles, where the new Viceroy, leaving London last Thursday morning, has since joined her. It is a happy chance that takes Lord and Lady Curzon to India at a time when its climate is recommended to both of them for the benefit of their health.

THE illusions of the Parliamentary career are rather in the air this week. It is not the seasoned veteran alone who confesses that the game of leadership even is hardly worth the candle, and is certainly not worth the white sheet of repentance in which a body of his supporters desires him to stand. Even a young man of wealth and of leisure like Mr. Allhusen, the member for Salisbury and the son-in-law of Lady Jeune, grows weary of Westminster Palace. He will not, therefore, at the next polling-time, offer himself for re-election.

THE *Times* the other day contained a set of patriotic verses in its advertisement columns, a part of which we quote elsewhere. Inspired, perhaps, by Mr. Alfred Austin's patriotic exercises in the same place, the uncrowned poet offered her lines for publication and had them accepted—at a price—as an advertisement. What one wonders is, whether the poet henceforth refers among her friends, and especially among her enemies, to her poems in the *Times*.

A LITTLE crowd of Boswells is already on the heels of Mr. Kipling. The latest of them, Mr. Michael Gifford White, contributes to the *St. James's Gazette* some reminiscences of Mr. Kipling as a schoolboy. We do not know how Mr. Kipling feels about these writings. Personally we regret them, but we read them. It seems that Mr. Kipling's nickname at the United Service College was "Gigs." "Gigs" was nightly called upon for a yarn by his fellows in the dormitory, and in response to requests, boots, and hard pieces of soap, "Gigs" would oblige. The result was joy and laughter until the shoes of the house master were heard creaking on the stairs.

The Book Market.

A Distributing Agency.

THE publisher we know, and the bookseller we know; but the distributing agency, controlled by the middleman, is a less familiar entity. There are but a few distributing agencies, and they are big concerns. An enormous proportion of the books offered to the public pass through these establishments, which are marvels of organisation. A representative of the ACADEMY called at one of them this week, just to see what could be seen, and hear what could be heard. At the long counter twenty or thirty "collectors," with their bags and pocket-books, were waiting—some impatiently, others idly. Some sat on shelves farther back, swinging their legs, careless of the national hunger for novels—careless of the wants of the scholar and the child.

"Busy?" I said to the manager, as we leaned over the broad counter.

"Yes, very."

"And what is the prevailing demand? You know it here if it is known anywhere. What are people more and more set on obtaining?"

"Fiction!"

"Fiction—you say that?"

"I say that. The demand for fiction goes up and up. I sometimes wonder that young authors think it worth while to write anything but novels. The public seem to want nothing else."

"Is any other class of book flourishing?"

"Well, biographies are multiplying, and they seem to be popular. But to be popular they must contain a great deal of tittle-tattle, anecdotes, and a whiff of scandal. These ingredients are essential. I fancy that Busch's memoirs of Bismarck will be more popular than Bismarck's own autobiography on this account. *With Kitchener to Khartum* has had a splendid sale this season."

"Children's books?"

"Oh, please don't talk about children's books. They're popular enough, but, thank goodness, they're being overdone. We shall emerge, I hope, from this welter of bad beasts, and sad beasts, and distorted monsters which it is assumed is pleasing to the child of to-day. It is time this literature of monstrosities ceased."

At this point in our conversation a gruff, hard-going, troubled voice interjected the following question from behind us: "*Why don't you stop publishers from publishing*

all their books in November and December? Why don't you make them restore the May season?" It was the passing growl of a very old bookseller, who was weary of the struggle to obtain the books he needed.

As he moved away I continued:

"Do you endorse his sentiments?"

"Oh, yes; but it can't be helped."

"The pressure on your strength and time is very great, I take it, just now?"

"Yes. In November I often subscribe seventy to one hundred new books in a morning before eleven o'clock. We buy almost every book, you see. A bookseller rejects scores of books offered to him because he represents a small body of customers whose limitations he knows. But we buy for numberless booksellers with as many different sets of customers: consequently we buy all sorts and conditions of books."

"I need not ask you whether you defend your position as middlemen."

"Oh, we are necessary. Booksellers can and do send directly to the publishers for well-known works; but the multiplicity of small books, technical books, school books, and books which are not books, is such that a large middle trade is absolutely called for. If it were not for distributing agencies many books would never filter through to the public. A newly published book of no particular note is not easily laid hold of; for titles are misunderstood, authors are forgotten, publishers are not noted. Here every book is registered, and nearly every book is stocked."

"These collectors—who and what are they?"

"Well, they are a definite class of men who thoroughly understand their work, and are surprisingly keen on it. Every London bookseller keeps one collector at least, who is constantly on foot with his notebook and his bag. Many of the fellows whom you see here have been at it for years. They earn their thirty shillings a week, and some of them know as much about books as their masters. Messrs. —'s man has been collecting for nearly fifty years, and is recognised as the king of his calling. He has been in every 'rush' and 'boom' almost since Dickens began to write."

"How many collectors are there in the London book trade?"

"I should say they form a little army of five hundred. They are the sinews of bookselling."

Correspondence.

Early Stevensoniana.

SIR,—In his learned Introduction to *Ballades and Rondeaux* (W. Scott, 1887) the late Mr. Gleeson White wrote: "One of the first who made trial of these French rhythms has (I believe) never published any." This was Mr. Stevenson.

As you recently drew *The Fine Pacific Islands* from an old *Sign of the Ship*, you may like to print the following rondel by the same hand. It appeared in the *Ship* for April, 1888. The author is easily recognised from Mr. Lang's prefatory note: "I venture to print it without telegraphing to the Adirondacks for permission . . . I

presume that, twelve years ago [the date of the poem] the sage who laments his youth was just twenty-five. And as to his hair being 'grey,' it is not even 'brindled.'"

OF HIS PITIABLE TRANSFORMATION.

I who was young so long,

Young and alert and gay,

Now that my hair is grey,

Begin to change my song.

Now I know right from wrong,

Now I know *pay* and *pray*,

I who was young so long,

Young and alert and gay.

Now I follow the throng,

Walk in the beaten way,

Hear what the elders say.

And own that I was wrong—

I who was young so long.

Perhaps some of your readers know of other interesting and unreprinted writings of R. L. S., and are willing to share their knowledge. Take, for instance, his contributions to your columns. I know of eleven: in 1874—"The Ballads and Songs of Scotland," "Scottish Rivers," "The College for Men and Women," "A Quiet Corner of Scotland"; in 1875—"The Works of Edgar Allan Poe"; in 1876—"The Poets and Poetry of Scotland," "Salvini's 'Macbeth,'" "Jules Verne's Stories," "The Comedy of the Noctes Ambrosianæ"; in 1877—"New Novels"; in 1878—"The late Sam Bough, R.S.A." Were there any more? Readers may like to know of those I have named. In the *Dictionary of National Biography* Mr. Sidney Colvin mentions contributions to *Vanity Fair*. Does anyone know what these were, and their dates?

It is curious that so late as March, 1897, Mr. Colvin himself did not know that the *Encyclopædia Britannica* contained any article by R. L. S. Is "Béranger" the only one?

In various articles—"At the Sign of the Ship," in *Longman's* for 1891 and 1892—are some South Sea legends sent by Mr. Stevenson. Somewhere in the old *Scots Observer* there is a poem, "To a Fiautist"; and another, "The Cock Shall Crow," in *Black and White*, Christmas Number, 1895.

Will others help to swell this list?—I am, &c.,

Glasgow: Dec. 13, 1898.

JOHN D. HAMILTON.

The Two Mr. Patersons.

SIR,—Our attention has been called [we pointed out the mistake in our issue of Dec. 3] to a curious error on the title-page of Mr. Arthur Paterson's last novel, *The Gospel Writ in Steel*. He is there credited with the authorship of not only *A Son of the Plains*, which he did write, but also with the authorship of *The Man from Snowy River*, which is the work of Mr. A. B. Paterson—an entirely different person. It does not appear that Mr. Paterson passed this title-page for press himself. As it appears possible that this confusion of identity may cause misapprehension, we trust that this communication may rectify it as far as possible.—We are, &c.,

A. D. INNES & Co., LTD.

31 and 32, Bedford-street, Strand.

A Matter of Spelling.

SIR,—I should be glad if one of your readers would set me right on a point which has been a growing puzzle to me. It is all over that little word *an*. I see Mr. Lionel Johnson writes "*an* household word," and I come across "*an* humble person," "*an* historical fact," "*an* hotel." Is *an* used correctly there? I was taught to pronounce the letter *h*, and, before the letter *h* sounded, *a* is, I should say, the correct thing. Surely people haven't got the length of speaking of "*an* 'ousehold word," "*an* 'otel," "*an* 'istorical fact," &c.

Then I notice people say, or rather write, "*an* union." How is "*union*" pronounced? Surely not "*oonion*." We don't write "*an* young man." Why, then, "*an* union"?—I am, &c.,

J. M.

Liverpool: Dec. 10, 1898.

Book Reviews Reviewed.

"A Life of William Shakespeare." By Sidney Lee.

THE *Times* expresses the most general of all the views of the critics on Mr. Lee's book when it says:

Never before has learning been brought to bear upon Shakespeare's biography with anything like the same force.

The *Standard* says:

Mr. Lee altogether understates his own achievements when he limits them merely to those of compilation and analysis. . . . He has written some chapters on the Elizabethan Sonnet, and on this form of composition in France and Italy in the sixteenth century, which are the best studies of the whole subject to be found anywhere.

This reviewer allies Mr. Lee to the old-eighteenth century students of Shakespeare:

We are glad to see that Mr. Lee vindicates the reputation of those excellent eighteenth century scholars, to whom all later Shakespearean students have been enormously indebted, though they have often forgotten to acknowledge their obligations. . . . Mr. Lee himself, as he shows by the businesslike restraint of his style, his wide knowledge of Elizabethan literature, and his sound logical method, is much more akin to them than to the fantastic theorists and indiscriminating enthusiasts of a later generation.

The reviewers, as a body, receive Mr. Lee's suggestion that "*Mr. W. H.*," to whom the sonnets are dedicated by the publisher, T. T., was William Hall, a kind of procurer of MSS., with respectful stupefaction. The *Daily Chronicle* reviewer's remarks on this theory are very pithy:

Why on earth should Hall, having begged, borrowed, or stolen a MS. by one of the most popular poets of the day, proceed to make it over to one of his competitors? . . . He did not lack capital, for he was publishing other books at the same time, and was, it would seem, in a rather better way of business than Thorpe. Mr. Lee at one point calls him "*a partner in the speculation*"; but, if that had been so, he would certainly have insisted on having his name in full on the title-page; and, waiving that objection, why should one member of a publishing partnership dedicate a book to the other? Can we

conceive "*Smith*" dedicating to "*Elder*," or "*Chatto*" to "*Windus*"?

Mr. Lee's theory that the sonnets were very much of an academical exercise and a mere item in the sonnet mania of the period is vigorously questioned. The *Spectator* says:

We do not agree with him in believing that the sonnets were written so early nor so close together as he puts them, and certainly not as an academical exercise. A man with the lyrical gift almost inevitably feels the desire to express his own emotions, and we hold that the sonnets were probably written at intervals ranging over a considerable period of years, and that they expressed Shakespeare's strong and real feelings, though the prevalent convention suggested not merely a particular form, but particular phrases and turns of thought, which indeed are common to almost all lyrical poetry. If a poet writes of the feeling produced in him by spring's coming, he writes of a theme as old as the world, and he inevitably uses metaphors that have seen much service, but he is not the less sincere.

The *Chronicle's* reviewer also protests:

The marvellous nimbleness of Shakespeare's fancy suggested to him a thousand images, or refinements and variations upon images, which are not to be found in any previous poet; but he did not reject the more obvious conceits merely because he knew or guessed that they had been used before. . . . We believe it will be found that the difference between Shakespeare's sonnets and the general run of his contemporaries lies not merely and not mainly in workmanship, but precisely in the intensity of feeling that, in so many of them, pulsates through every line. The very fact, strange and unpleasing as it seems to us, that the most ardent of them are addressed to a man, removes them at once from the merely conventional category.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* calls Mr. Lee's book "*a definitive biography*," but charges the publishers with "*using a paper through which the print shows; we have seldom seen a less agreeable page to look at.*"

The *Daily Telegraph* supplies an interpretative article, but expresses no decided critical views.

The *St. James's Gazette* says:

To have gone through, with trained scholarship and trained judgment, the mass of Shakespearean matter of several centuries, and in several tongues, varying in quality and quantity, from a lucky guess to elaborate forgeries and far-fetched mares' nests, and to have digested the solid results in a form readily available for future students, is a positive service hardly to be over-estimated.

Invention.

I ENVY not the Lark his song divine,
Nor thee, O Maid, thy beauty's faultless mould.
Perhaps the chief felicity is mine,
Who hearken and behold.

The joy of the Artificer Unknown
Whose genius could devise the Lark and thee—
This, or a kindred rapture, let me own,
I covet ceaselessly!

From the "*Collected Poems of William Watson.*"

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 10.

LAST week we asked for the best high-flown rhyming paraphrase of a familiar proverb. The task has proved very congenial, upwards of a hundred attempts having been made. Best of them is the following treatment of "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," by the Rev. Anthony C. Deane, Gosnall, Safford:

A single member of the avian race,
Which the prehensile digits fast embrace,
The mercantile equivalent achieves
Of two sequestered 'mid enshrouding leaves.

To Mr. Deane a cheque for a guinea has been sent.

We select a number of replies from the great pile before us. Here are two more attempts to deal with the prize proverb:

A single pinnate biped in digitate embrace
Evaluates more highly than a bramble-sheltered brace.
[T. D., Bridgwater]

One soaring songster from the empyrean blue,
Held in a snowy palm, is greater gain
Than two such feathered bipeds, rich in hue,
That in arboreal pleasance yet remain.
[J. J., Westerham.]

It is no use crying over spilt milk.
O'er lacteal flux effused upon the floor,
Secretions lachrymal we vainly pour.
[A. E. T., Bristol.]

A rolling stone gathers no moss.
To petrous particles peregrinating, cling
Nor lichen, mould, nor any fungous thing.
[A. H., London.]

The fragment which, while nature's architect
Lies sleeping, from its ancient resting-place
On some primeval precipice, unchecked
Escapes, and rushes down in headlong race,
Now rearing high its head and now its base,
In ceaseless revolution, culleth naught
Of that muscose and verdant herbiage
Which Father Time, the Silent and Unsought,
Wears as the outward warning of his age.
[C. E. H., Richmond.]

Don't count your chickens before they are hatched.
Oh! number not your partlet's fledgling brood
Ere through th' exiguous shell they do protrude.
[F. B., Gravesend.]

Tell not thy gallinaceous brood before
Their frail, calcareous dungeon opens its door.
[B. P. N., London.]

The early bird catches the worm.
The matutinal songster rising rathe
In flesh and feathers doth the worm enswathe.
[C. L. M., Clifton.]

The primal matin songster that greets the rising dawn
Beholds the slow vermicular, and lifts him from the lawn.
[S. C., Brighton.]

You may lead a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink.
A fiery quadruped of equine breed
To yon pellucid fountain you may lead,
But task more formidable 'twere, I think,
To make Bucephalus the liquid drink.
[P. A. K., Dalkeith.]

It's a long lane that has no turning.
Long is the lane that doth maintain for aye
The undeflected tenour of its way.
[L. M. P., Hertford.]

First catch your hare.
The table spread, the spit before the fire
Shall not appease the famished king's desire;
The currant sheds her crimson blood in vain
While yet the wary rodent scours the plain.
[E. R. F. L., London.]

The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat.
Approximate the osseous structure's grooves,
More succulent the fleshly covering proves.
[E. B. V. C., Streatham.]

Any stick will do to beat a dog with.
Aught of arboreous growth from twig to root,
The blossomed branchlet or the budding shoot,
May, if humanity be sore bestead,
Serve to chastise the canine quadruped.
[G. W. P., Sheffield.]

Answers received also from: J. R. L., Belfast; W. M., Glasgow; H. L., Worcester; F. C. W., London; R. B. J. B., Hamilton, N.B.; E. V., London; C. A. P., Waterloo; G. C., Ballycarney; H. C., London; W. M., Glasgow; K. K. B., London; R. H. G., South Woodford; M. A. W., Watford; B. I., London; A. R. W., Brighton; M. B. W., Ramsgate; T. V. N., South Woodford; F. E. N. C., Dulwich; H. T. S., Dublin; L. E., Budleigh Salterton; S. G., Handsworth; E. B. L., Malvern; W. J., Westerham; H. H., Whitby; J. S. L., Newcastle; E. J. L. A., Cardiff; J. M. C., Edinburgh; M. I. B., Settle; R. E. V., London; J. D. D., London; Miss B., Ascot; A. H., London; J. G. K., Leicester; P. C., Greenock; A. M., London; R. S. W., Llanelly; G. H., Didsbury; W. E., Honor Oak; E. H., Didsbury; S. B., Great Malvern; F. B., Brighton; C. F., Reading; J. B. C., Northampton; R. A. M., South Woodford; H. M., Glasgow; H. H., Kew; Mrs. S., Winchfield; F. P. W., Ilmington; F. M., London; C. J., Hampstead; F. A. H., London; J. S. L., Newcastle; A. M. F., Crediton; C. F. N., London; C. G. M., Burton-on-Trent; M. M. G., London; A. B. C., Upper Norwood; A. R. B., Malvern; J. W. K., Redcar; E. E. A., Barford; W. G. G., Oxford; T. E. O., Brighton; C. S., London (not original); N. N., London; C. J., London; L. C., Bradford; E. G. F., London; E. G. H., London; F. S., London; F. W. D., Blackheath; D. P., Leatherhead; W. F. C., New Cross; W. F. B., Manchester; R. E. W. B., Harrogate; E. P., Highgate; J. G., Killiney; H. J., Crouch End; G. R. G., London; J. H. J., London; R. M., Glendevon; F. E. W., London; E. B., London; E. F., Ashburton; A. E. L., Stafford; H. J. W., Tonbridge; G. B. M., Bangor; and, too late for qualification, J. B., London; and E. E. A., Warwick.

Competition No. 11.

OUR readers will have observed that we have been asking well-known men and women to name the two books which, in 1898, have most pleased and interested them. We did not confine the choice to books published during the present year, so that in many of the replies old books were mentioned. With the idea of carrying our researches into popular literature a little further, we ask each of our competitors to name the book which, in his or her opinion, is the best that 1898 has yet produced, and to accompany the choice with a concise criticism of not more than eighty words in which its merits are set forth. To the competitor whose reply is adjudged most satisfactory a cheque for a guinea will be sent.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, December 20. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the first column of p. 468.

The "Academy" Bureau.

Books in Manuscript.

An Offer to Authors.

THE Conductors of the Bureau established in connexion with the ACADEMY invite works in MS. for consideration. They have made arrangements by which a proposal for publication will be made for every MS. which, in their judgment, is sufficiently meritorious. No fee for reading and reporting, or for agency between author and publisher, will be charged unless a contract is arranged. The project was set forth more fully in our issues of October 8 and 15. Each MS. should be accompanied by an assumed name or initials, under which our criticism will be printed. The words "ACADEMY Bureau" must be marked on the wrapper, and the parcel accompanied by postage stamps for return if not accepted. It is to be distinctly understood that each MS. should contain enough to fill a volume, and that the proposal applies only to books that have not been published, serially or otherwise. The conductors of the Bureau will take every care of MSS. submitted to them, but will not be responsible for accidental loss. They cannot enter into correspondence with authors on the subject of books criticised in the Bureau, or as to completed agreements.

FROM THE DAWN.

BY "RAFSEK."

This is a very ambitious work. It deals with many things human, and not a few divine. It indicates that the author has read much, travelled much, and felt much. As a whole, however, it is rather inchoate. Even in individual sentences, "Rafsek" sometimes perplexes us. "Your *nouveau riche* and drudge of the world has always," he writes, "something diffident or awkward in his gait, which betrays the lowness of his origin, or his slenderness of purse." After thinking a little, we perceive what the writer means; but that does not leave us pleased with him. It is the duty of a writer to make the reader think; but it is not his duty to put the reader to that exercise by writing ungrammatically. Slips such as that upon which we have touched irritate us all the more, because it is obvious that "Rafsek" can write well when he takes the pains. There are many good passages in the novel. Many others, however, are almost hysterical. In short, "From the Dawn" should have been severely revised before it left the author's hands.

CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

BY HOO BROOKE.

This story is founded on a deep love of the country, and contains some pretty writing on the subject of Nature and her charms. The hero is well drawn as a character, but is bound to remain outside the reader's sympathy. There is almost a fashion in rural novels to transfigure bores into heroes and endow them with unsuspected depths. The Cymon of this story is an unusually lubberly clodhopper, who is transformed by Wordsworth's poetry; in fact, so effectually that he actually weeps when he hears the lines, "Now she's in her grave, and oh! what a difference to me!" The story has some good points.

TRIX.

BY A. D. B.

Is it possible for two people to have a "filial regard" for one another? Above all, is it possible for a young man and a young woman to be so circumstanced? This is perplexing. "Trix" is not a composition that attains to merit. It does not even arrive at mediocrity. It has, besides, grave faults of taste; and the heroine, not merely because she smokes cigarettes and brings the smoke out of her nose, but for more offensive reasons, is repellant.

JABEZ THE NATURALIST, AND
HARDY OF LENTHALL.

BY LUCY D'OUVRI.

Jabez Nicholson, when we make his acquaintance, is a peasant child deciphering inscriptions on the tombstones in a country church. He finds an inscription for which an eminent antiquary had sought in vain, and the antiquary rewards him well. By and by, while still an urchin, he finds a rare moth for another seeker after truth. Thus the story goes on until the peasant is a grown man, learned, prosperous, and happily married. The story is of the *Sanford and Merton* kind. It is pretty, but priggish. Miss D'Ouvri has now and then a flash of insight; but *Jabez* is not in any respect good enough to warrant its being published. The other story is too short for consideration here.

THE SEER OF BOND STREET.

BY "HOPE LESS."

We have not often read a novel the characters in which were so disagreeable as those whom "Hope Less" has chosen. The heroine is an erotic maniac; her father, a fashionable physician, is a selfish brute; and the hero, the Seer of Bond Street, a palmist. Strange to say, the author, though she has a satirical mind, treats them all quite seriously. Her talents are misapplied. She is an observant person, and her story moves along quite briskly; but she has chosen an intolerable theme, or, at least, an intolerable attitude towards it.

THE MASTERPIECE.

A PLAY, BY W. T. K.

"The Masterpiece" is not a masterpiece, either dramatic or literary, and it has not the stir either of language or of incident adequate to the making of a good play. There is one strong scene at the end of the third act, but the subsidiary characters (with the exception, perhaps, of Horace) and the minor episodes are destitute of flavour or strength. To help out a main theme, unless it is peculiarly powerful, a lot of trenchant by-play is necessary, and this is wanting here. In "The Masterpiece" the motives of the leading characters are not sufficiently made good. There is no rational pretext why a rising politician should abruptly close his public life because his Bill is amended in Committee, or because he has married a wife who is a rising artist. W. T. K. has a grasp of dialogue at times. He must try again, sustain his humour longer in the lighter passages, and throughout cultivate unexpectedness.

THE KENNETH MYSTERY.

BY L. J. M'C.

The solution of the mystery suggests itself quite unmistakably before we are halfway through the novel. That, we fear, is an insuperable obstacle in the way of our desire to find this work acceptable. The tale in itself, which deals with the loves and adventures of Scots folk living in America, is fresh, and interesting while the mystery remains; but after that we turn the pages with less concern. This is a pity. L. J. M'C. has a sense of dramatic situations, and his literary style is good. He should, we think, endeavour to recast the chapters which foreshadow the solution of the mystery. It is right that the audience in a theatre should be taken into the author's confidence early. The audience of a novel-writer should be held in arrest, with something still to learn, until the very last leaf is turned.

FRED RICHARDS.

BY ESDEN MONTGOMERY.

The hero of this story loved the country in his youth, and "the scents of the roses and the new-mown hay filled his lungs with intoxicating draughts." He could not, however, "forget the electric thrill that came from close contact with crowds of his fellow-creatures." How he must have enjoyed the Jubilee! Subsequently "Nature embosoms him on waves of electric energy." There is a great deal of religion in this

book which is of a theological tenour; there is the clash of faith and doubt; and the Lord's Prayer is given in full. But the religious problems raised are not new nor freshly handled, and the style is loose and faulty to a degree the moment it seeks to aspire. To realise what words give force to a sentence and what render it ridiculous is the first step towards literary success. For example, the word "crowds" in the sentence quoted above makes an otherwise sound sentence grotesque. All this must be remedied if Mr. Montgomery is to be read.

COMMONPLACE POEMS.

BY J. V. NYLE.

This is an unambitious title, but not inappropriate. Mr. Nyle's poems are very commonplace, so much so as hardly to be poems at all. The longest of them, "The Fisher of Le Brunn," is mere prose—e.g.:

Oh what a happy group that night
Inside the cot was found;
Their love, though all outside was cold,
Made warmth inside abound.
How pleased Dick's little brothers were
To see him safe and sound.

This is not only prose, but bad prose. Mr. Nyle occasionally stumbles on a pretty line—"Does the phosphorescence charm you with its jewelry of light?"; but what is the meaning of

Sweet Summer, rest,
Rest thee amid thy heat,
The scent of meadow-sweet
Comes from the west?

Why from the west more than any other point of the compass?
There is no edification in this collection.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, December 15.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Bigg (C.), *The Doctrine of the Twelve Apostles* (S.P.C.K.) 1/0
Simon (D. W.), *Reconciliation by Incarnation* (T. & T. Clark)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Collingwood (S. D.), *Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll* (Unwin) 7/0
Smith (G. A.), *The Life of Henry Drummond* (Hodder)
Fisher (H.), *The Medieval Empire* (2 vols.) 21/0
Ford (H. J.), *The Rise and Growth of American Politics* (Macmillan Co.)
Sergeant (J.), *Annals of Westminster School* (Mothuen) 7/6
McCarthy (J.), *A Short History of the United States* (Hodder & Stoughton) 6/0
Masson (R.), *Pollok and Aytoun* (Oliphant) 1/0
G. W., *The Life of Charles Alan Smythies* (Univ. Missions to Central Africa)
Whyte (F.), *Actors of the Century* (Bell)

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

- Davidson (John), *The Last Ballad* (Lane)
Pennell (J. and E. R.), *Lithography and Lithographers* (Unwin) 73/6
Crane (W.), *A Floral Fantasy* (Harper & Brothers)
Crawley (A.), *Songs of the Spirit* (Kegan Paul) net 3/0
Binyon (L.), *London Visions. (Second Series)* (Mathews) 3/6
Hynam (F. E.), *The Secrets of the Night* (Stock)
The Garland of New Poetry by Various Writers (Elkin Mathews)
W. B. B., *Versiculi Versicolores* (Williams & Norgate)
Randa (W. B.), *Lilliput Lyrics* (Lane)
Littellton (K.), *Joubert: A Selection of His Thoughts* (Duckworth) 8/0
Milburn (R. G.), *Verses* (Blackwell) 1/0
Holmes (E.), *The Silence of Love* (Lane) 3/6

JUVENILE BOOKS.

- Farmiloe (E.), "Chousers'" and Other Stories (S.P.C.K.) 6d.
Cooper (L. O.), *John Bunyan* (Sunday School Union)
Hughes (Mary), *The History of Captain Katt* (Digby, Long)
Rowell (M. C.), *The Green Men of Norwell* (Simpkin) 1/0
Golden Sunbeams, 1898 (S.P.C.K.)
The Silver Link (Sunday School Union) 2/0

EDUCATIONAL.

- Dymond (T. S.), *An Experimental Course of Chemistry* (Arnold) 2/1

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Burrows (Capt. Guy), *The Land of the Pigmyes* (Pearson) 21/0
Worcester (D. C.), *The Philippine Islands* (Macmillan Co.) 15
Thomson (H. C.), *Rhodesia and its Government* (Smith, Elder) 10/6
Gibbs (J. A.), *A Cotswold Village* (John Murray)
Wallace (E. G.), *Jerusalem the Holy* (Oliphant) 7/6

SCIENCE, NATURAL HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

- Girke (J.), *Earth Sculpture; or, the Origin of Land Forms* (Murray) 6/0

NEW EDITIONS.

- Watson (W.), *Collected Poems* (Lane)
Crow (M. F.), *Elizabethan Sonnet Cycles: Celia's*, by Fulke Greville (Kegan Paul)
Aesop. One Hundred Fables. Edited by Kenneth Grahame. Illustrated by J. P. Billingham
Kyd (T.), *The Spanish Tragedy. Ed. J. Schick* (Dent) net 1/0
Dickens (C.), *The Pickwick Papers* (2 vols.) (Dent) each 1/6
Herbert (G.), *The Country Parson. Ed. H. C. Beeching* (Blackwell)
Oliphant (Mrs.), *Cervantes* (Blackwood) 1/0
Trollope (H. M.), *Cornell and Racine* (Blackwood) 1/0
Craik (Mrs.), *John Halifax, Gentleman* (Dent)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- MacDonagh (M.), *Irish Life and Character. History and Biographies* (Hodder & Stoughton) 6/0
Kipling (R.), *A Fleet in Being* (Macmillan) 1/0
Davis (Lieut.-Col. N. N.), *Military Dialogues* (Sands) 3/6
Wilkinson (Rt. Rev. Bishop), *Saat: The Native Slave Boy of Khartoum* (S.P.C.K.)
Lücke (E. C. E.), *General Nursing* (Kegan Paul)
Haweis (Rev. H. R.), *Old Violins* (Redway) net 7/6
Gibson (G. D.), *Sketches and Cartoons* (Lane)
The Journal of Education. Vol. XX, 1898 (Rice)
Hogan (L. E.), *A Study of a Child* (Harper & Brothers) 6/0
Briggs (H. B.), *Recent Research in Palaeontology* (Vincent) 3/0
Almanach de Gotha, 1899 (Perthes)
The Annual of the British School at Athens. Session 1898-7 (Macmillan) 10/6
Hazell's Annual, 1899 (Hazell, Watson & Viney)
The Zoological Record, 1897 (Gurney & Jackson)

* * * *The new novels of the week, numbering sixteen, are catalogued elsewhere.*

Announcements.

THIS week the Unicorn Press will publish *Old Scores and New Readings: Discussions on Musical Subjects*, by John F. Runciman. The book contains a selection of the work that Mr. Runciman has done during the last year or two in the *Saturday Review*.

MR. LAURENCE BINYON indicates the character of his *Western Flanders* (which the Unicorn Press will publish this week) by the sub-title *A Medley of Things Seen, Considered, and Imagined*. The book will contain ten new etchings by William Strang.

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